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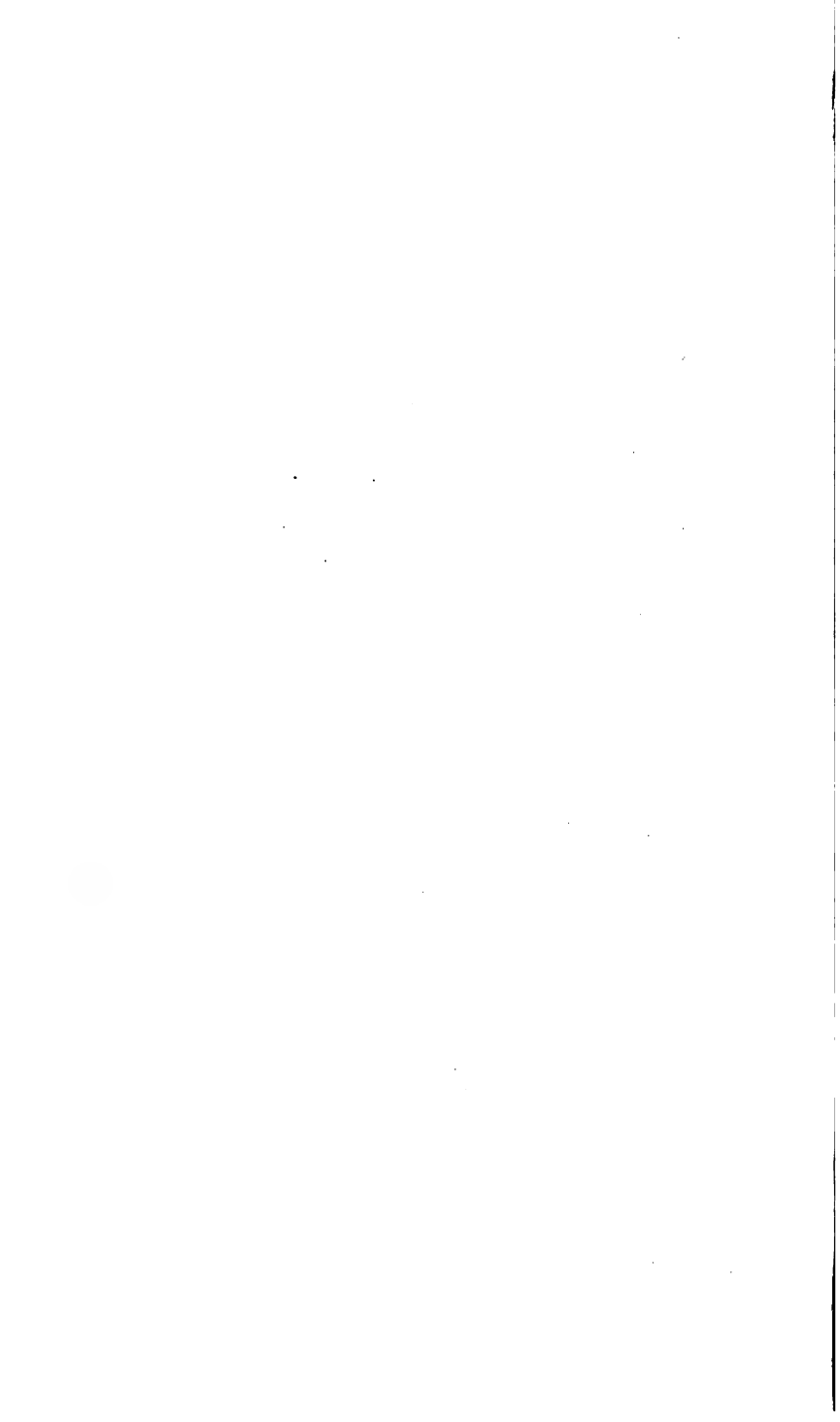


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PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

BY

THEODORE HOOK, Esq.

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"SAYINGS AND DOINGS," "GURNEY MARRIED," &c.

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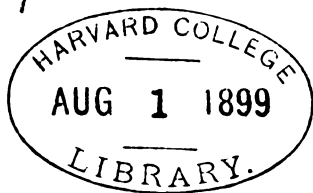
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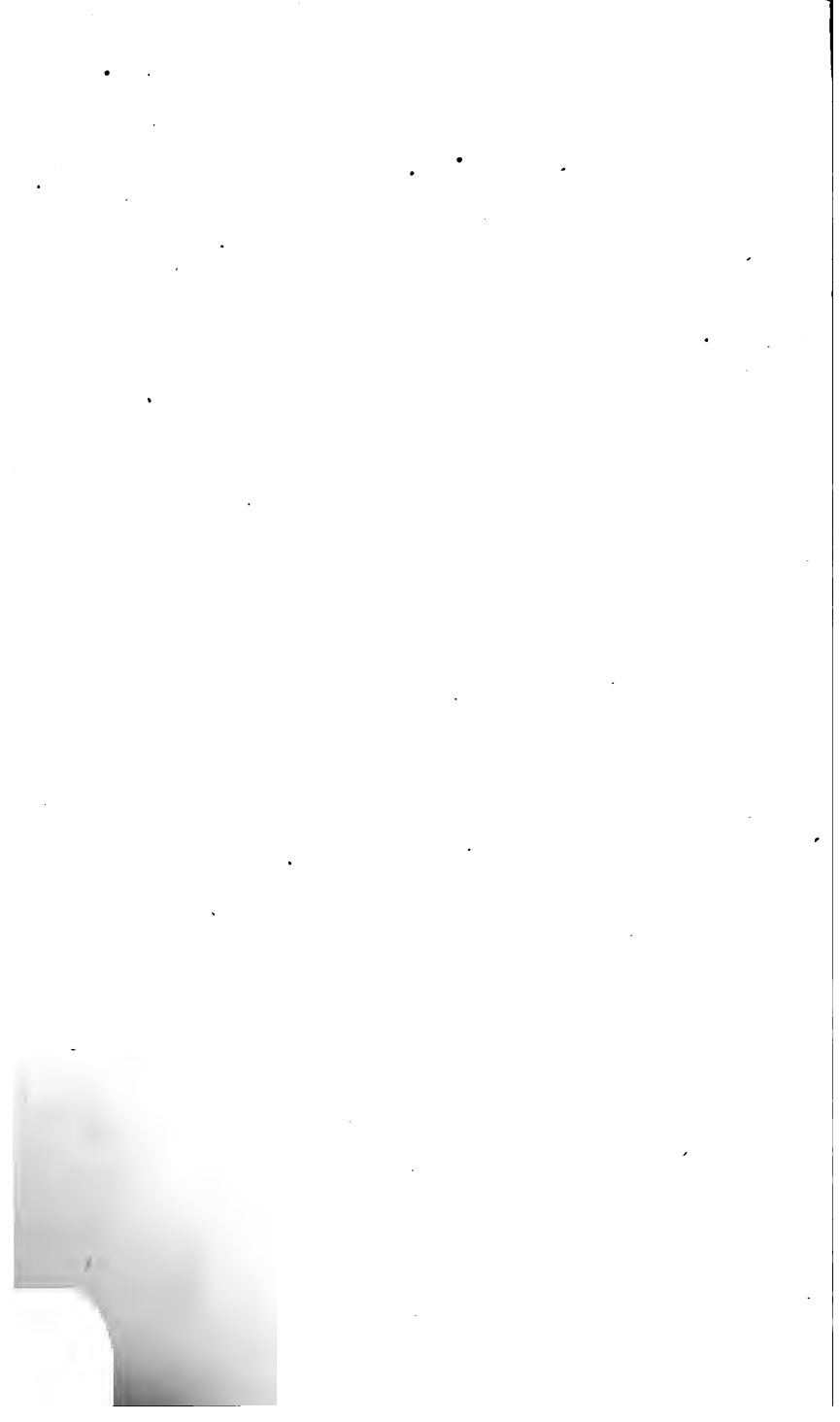
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PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

THE ATONEMENT.

It rarely happens on visiting different towns and villages, scattered over the face of the civilized world, that one does not find some one resident family, who have somehow rendered themselves remarkable for something; and consequently form a subject of conversation for their neighbours—and accordingly one hears, “What odd people those Simpsons *are!*”—“I can *not* make out those Hopkinses.” Upon which some stronger-minded and more censorious member of the community sets the question entirely at rest, by expressing a firm conviction that they are mad.

About fifty years ago—as the history runs—one of these mysterious and inexplicable knots of people lived in that city, most celebrated as the residence of Laura and her lover (the Swift and Stella of their day), the head of which family was known as the Marquis de Cruentaz ; whose name, considered etymologically, preposessed his neighbours not much more favourably towards him, than the circumstances under which his establishment was conducted.

There *are* secrets, says the proverb, in all families ; but in this family there was one, of which no member of it was aware, save the old gentleman himself—we mean the Marquis—and, to do him justice, nobody was likely to wrest or coax it from his custody—all that could ever be collected from him in his most complying moods was, that something which had occurred to his ancestors had entailed upon *him* and *his*, a malediction, the precise nature of which he never mentioned, but of the entire fulfilment of which, he evidently, and in spite of forced good spirits, lived in perpetual dread.

The very few persons who visited at the house,

believed, like the sages of the English country towns, the old gentleman to be mad—of his scions more anon. Suffice it to say, that the whole party formed the “strange family” of Avignon.

The Marquis was a portly man, and must have been, in early life, handsome; but he had suffered severely from a wound, which extended across the whole of his face, to the cause of which, he never was known to allude—of course, nobody was sufficiently coarse or abrupt to question him about it, and so even *that* remained a mystery. There was most probably a reason for this silence, which the reader may, or may not perhaps, by-and-by discover.

The Marquis at the period to which we refer, had been a widower for sixteen years. His wife had left him a daughter—a beautiful brunette, with large blue eyes fringed with dark eye-lashes, and a figure perfectly symmetrical—and a son, such a son as, perhaps, man never had before :—a stout, fine-looking fellow, who drank hard, swore stoutly, and moreover delighted in breaking horses and breaking heads : his skill in duelling

and similar pleasurable pursuits formed nearly the whole of his mental accomplishments.

His dress was slovenly beyond belief, his ill-fitting clothes, his dishevelled hair, his sword-hilt dirty by use, and his crumpled hat, the feathers of which, broken down, looked like weeping willows after a storm—all indicated the wildness of his feelings, his recklessness of the world, and his contempt for society.

Little as he resembled his sweet sister, he less resembled his father, who, although, as we have said, living in a constant dread of something undefined, assumed a gaiety in society well calculated to deceive those who believe that laughter is always a symptom of happiness, and who could not witness the tortures he underwent in the hours of reflection upon past events in the solitude of his own apartment.

The Marquis loved his daughter ardently, and with all his faults and imperfections on his head, was fondly attached to her wild and eccentric brother. But there was another member of this strange family, who possessed a great share of his affections—a young man of about the same

age as his own children, and who had been educated and brought up with them. This was an orphan, to whom the Marquis had proved a second father : the son of poor but honourable parents, who had saved the Marquis's life, at the hazard of their own.

These formed the *ménage*—no persons of their rank and station could live more retired—except that the occasional outbreaks and mad exploits of the young Cruentaz, every now and then became topics of conversation ;—nevertheless they were held in a certain degree of respect, although they were not much visited by their neighbours, who, to make the best of it, set them down as “a very extraordinary family.” If they had known the whole history, they might well have said so.

One beautiful autumnal evening these four persons were together in the garden belonging to the hotel. The good-humoured Marquis, employed in pruning his vines, left Tiburcius—for such was the orphan's name—sitting with his daughter. They exchanged a few words without observing that her brother Rostaing

was close to them ;—in fact, he discovered *himself* to them by attacking an arbutus with a stick which he had in his hand, cutting and lashing it as if it had been an enemy, whistling, as it were to conceal his violence, but evidently labouring under a strong feeling of strong agitation.

Hellione was persuading Tiburcius not to leave them as he proposed, at Rostaing's suggestion, to do—but he was resolved.

“Go then,” said Hellione ; “go, and be happy.”

“If you knew why I go,” said Tiburcius—

“Surely,” said Hellione, “the evening sun in Germany is not so clear, so pure and bright as ours ?”

“Ah !” said her companion, sighing, “I seek no change but for the sake of others. Think, Hellione, if your presence in the scenes you loved best on earth rendered those to whom you owed all gratitude and affection, miserable ; if it exposed them to unheard-of evils, and one continued danger, would *you* hesitate to tear yourself away ?”

“I do not understand you,” said Hellione ;

“but if you *will* go, remember that your affection for us is reciprocal, and never fear——”

“Fear what?” said Rostaing, interrupting them, his eyes flashing fire. “In what has the claim of blood lost its right?” Saying which, he broke the stick he held in his hand into a thousand pieces, and flung them on the ground in a paroxysm of rage.

“You are *one* of my brothers,” said the terrified girl, casting her eyes on the ground; “you need never doubt my love.”

“One!” cried Rostaing, “no division of affection will satisfy *me*. My father has but one son—I have but one sister—she must love but one brother.” Saying which, he rushed from them, casting a murderous look of defiance at Tiburcius, whose influence over his father and sister, obtained by their affection for him, incessantly rankled in the heart of the half-lunatic, half-savage, young man.

“Do not let his hard words, or fierce aspect make you uneasy,” said Hellione to Tiburcius, “we all know his wildness and strangeness of manner—rely upon it he is sincerely attached to

you : but his anxiety about *my* destiny—his jealousy of the approach of any one who seems likely to divert my affections from himself, is part of his madness—for mad I fear he is—or will be ; he is as much excited if I pay more attention for a moment, even to my father, than to *him*, while he is present.”

“ Why did he fight that Italian ?” said Tiburcius.

“ Because he treated me disrespectfully,” replied Hellione.

“ Why had he the *rencontre* with Count de Bartos ?”

“ Because,” said Hellione, “ he paid me marked attentions, and he did not approve of the match.”

“ What was his quarrel with the Baron de Goussai ?”

“ That I never knew,” said Hellione.

“ And with the Chevalier D'Onis ?”

“ A dispute at play,” said Hellione. “ But what matters all this ? We know he is violent, impetuous, uncertain, and, above all, jealous of his power and authority over me : you, Tibur-

cius, are my brother by adoption ; my affection for you is sincere, nor do I see any reason to conceal it ; recollect of what comfort you are to my father ;—stay with us—oh, stay.”

“That affection,” said the agitated young man, “is reciprocal : but listen to me. Previous to the last tour, which I undertook at Rostaing’s suggestion, several strange events occurred to me, endangering my life ; events too strange to have been the result of accident—and yet I then apprehended nothing ; until one evening, after a narrow escape, I found on my table a note, written in a hand unknown to me, telling me that the perils by which I found myself surrounded, were one and all preconcerted and designed, and that I ought to take warning, and save myself by quitting the house. I laughed at the supposition, and took no notice of the writing—but those threats, and hints, and menaces, have been repeated.”

“Treat them with contempt,” said Hellione, “the pen of an anonymous letter-writer is the weapon of a coward ; his concealment is the mask of envy and hatred.”

“Do not think me,” said Tiburcius, “weak or base enough to shrink before the sting of a reptile like *that*, on my own account; but, Hellione, the threats and warnings I now receive, affect the lives of others. My obstinacy in remaining here will cause the shedding of blood, to redeem which, I would gladly sacrifice my own. Yes, Hellione, I am denounced, and told that the adopted child of Cruentaz is destined to be the executioner of his benefactors.”

“But do you believe all these mysterious warnings?” said Hellione.

“A short time after I received this last letter,” said Tiburcius, “our father, as you recollect, being on the river, a leak was suddenly discovered in his boat, and he was nearly drowned.”

“I do recollect,” said Hellione, “and Rostaing being fortunately there,—saved him!”

“Three days afterwards,” continued Tiburcius, “when the Marquis and I rode out together his horse became suddenly restive, reared, plunged, and threw him. I caught him in my arms, or else we had now been orphans. Upon

examining the horse, I found that his nostrils had been burned, and upon searching near the stables, found behind the gate of the courtyard, a phial half full of vitriol."

"You should have told me these things before," said Hellione; "rely upon it I should have had sufficient courage and perseverance to discover their contriver."

"I have not finished yet," said Tiburcius. "Do you not recollect one day that the moment I leant on the railing of the balcony before the window, it suddenly broke from under me?"

"I do," said Hellione, "I have not forgotten it; I was in the drawing-room at the time, where Rostaing had sent me to look for a book."

"At that very moment," said Tiburcius, "the Marquis was passing under the window—The day but one after that, I took my departure. You may easily imagine the anxiety of my mind; eight months have since passed away, and maddened by the reproaches contained in your letters, I could no longer endure my absence, and I returned—but I must be gone again."

Hellione trembled, and held out her hand, and in a low voice murmured, "Strange things have happened to myself."

A dead silence followed these words, and the agitation of both the young people was considerably increased by the sight of the Marquis, who came up to them, his countenance beaming with paternal affection.

"And," said the Marquis, "you are happy that he is returned, Hellione? We part no more, Tiburcius; our affections bind us to each other; in *me* you see a second father, and my delight will be to keep both my sons with me—without *you*, this house is terribly dull."

The young people bowed their heads in gratitude, but the heart of Tiburcius was full of grief; believing, as he did, that his presence was the cause of some evil influence over the fate of his benefactor. Rostaing joined them at the moment. The Marquis, on seeing him, breathed one of those sighs which libertine sons sometimes cause their fond fathers to heave; but instantly, as was his custom, he dressed his

countenance in smiles, and turning to Tiburcius, said, gaily,—

“You will be glad to hear that next winter we shall be forced to drink deeply, in self-defence; for it has just been reported to me, that this year’s wines will not keep.”

“Umph,” said Rostaing, casting a scowling glance at Tiburcius, “there are many things besides wine that will not keep through this year.”

The tone and manner in which these words were uttered, went to the heart of poor Hellione; but she was destined shortly to undergo a severer trial. Supper was served—she, her father, and the two young men, took their seats; but Rostaing tasted nothing; he pushed his plate from him. The Marquis did not eat. What Hellione saw, her quick and anxious eye glancing round the table, it is needless here to say; suffice it, that she felt every moment, while the repast lasted, an hour; that she prevented Tiburcius from swallowing a morsel of what was placed before him; and that, when they left the room, she was assured that none of the occur-

rences which he had narrated to her before they quitted the garden, had been accidental, and that the house of her father was no safe home for him.

They parted for the night—Rostaing taking leave of his adopted brother with marked civility; and when Tiburcius passed along the corridor, to his apartment, Hellione's eyes followed the friend of her childhood to the door with a feeling scarcely definable; *why* she entertained such a feeling we shall soon see.

Tiburcius was not aware of the mischief which had been prepared for him at this supper; but which, through the watchful activity of Hellione he had escaped. In the dish to which Rostaing helped him with every show of affection, broken needles had been mixed with the sauce, so that in all probability immediate death would have been the consequence of his partaking of it. Rostaing was not blind to his sister's solicitude and activity upon the occasion, nor did they tend to allay the hatred, jealousy, and revenge, which gave such indubitable proofs of an aberration of intellect.

When Tiburcius reached his room, a large dark chamber, faintly lighted by one candle, he could not divest himself of something like a dread of the snares and plots by which he was surrounded. He drew aside the curtain, and even looked behind a wardrobe which stood facing his couch, to convince himself that no enemy, either animal or mechanical, was actually concealed behind him. He felt almost ashamed of his own precautions; and having undressed, threw himself into bed, resolved to dispel all the unworthy apprehensions by which he was assailed.

He lay down; but with all his resolution, could not help listening to a sort of murmuring noise, which sounded near him. However, sleep stole over his eyelids, and he was on the point of dropping into a gentle slumber, when two soft taps at his door aroused him. He started up, and found they had been given by the old and faithful waiting-woman of the affectionate Hellione. She put into his hand a note, written in pencil, by her young mistress, and crossing herself as she turned away from him, took her leave.

The note spoke volumes. Hellione too surely had been convinced of his danger. Like a true woman, she discarded every feeling of selfishness—she saw that his safety depended upon their separation. The note contained these words :

“ Adieu—*before sunrise to-morrow*—adieu.”

Awakened by this tender, yet forcible, appeal to a sense of all his dangers, Tiburcius rejoiced that she admitted the justice of what he had said the night before.

While this was passing in the mind of Tiburcius, Hellione was seated at the window of *her* room, gazing on the bright stars, ever and anon hidden from her view by the passing clouds, her thoughts dwelt upon her brother Rostaing—dwelt upon him against her will and inclination. She endeavoured, in vain, to drive him from her mind, because she admitted, at least in her solitude, a pure and ardent affection for Tiburcius, between whom and herself her proud and impracticable brother had so violently, so sanguinarily, interposed.

It is scarcely possible to describe the character of this infuriated young man, hardened

as he was by habits of systematic debauchery. In the encouragement of his imperious feelings, he suffered himself to be led to the very extreme of ferocity, which indeed seemed to be inherent in his character, even in early youth. In principle, he was profligate and shameless ; and, when the chord of his insanity was once stricken, nothing could check his wild career—when once excited, neither reason nor compassion had any influence over him. His bodily strength, unfortunately, gave him the power to execute his most daring designs ; and his success as a duellist, and his triumphs as a drinker, had placed him at the head of the society with which he chose to live, which was composed of persons generally avoided by every body else, and who, being by no means rich, clustered round their chief—to whom they gave, in return for his dinners and suppers, a sort of tavern friendship, characterized by a subserviency, which, clumsily as it was proffered, was highly gratifying to one who could bear no rival near his throne.

No trait in his extraordinary character was

perhaps so extraordinary as his romantic affection for his sister Hellione. He was never satisfied unless he exercised an entire control over her. He watched her like a dog, and was just as ready to fly upon any one who approached her; jealous in an inexplicable degree, of an affection which he never evinced towards her. When alone with her, he rarely spoke to her, except to find fault—he was never known to bestow upon her one fraternal kiss—at times he seemed much more inclined to beat her. He was as restless in her presence as a tiger at the sight of fire; and although Hellione loved him with a sister's love, she felt—such was his fierceness, such his pride, such his violence—that she never dare tell him so. Her association with him was one course of dread and horror; more especially when Tiburcius happened to be present.

And in what a position was poor Hellione placed! for if she were exempt from what, as far as one can calculate, seems to have been the family insanity, she was almost as ill-prepared for the world's ways, as the ways of the worldly;

she had had no mother to train her mind—she had no female associates to sympathize with her feelings—her principles and opinions were all formed by herself, aided to a certain extent by her priest, and her *soubrette*, who was in her sixty-third year, and was the old woman with whom she habitually associated. The consequence of all this was, that those principles and opinions were like flowers without roots, planted on the sand ; and, ignorant of the dangers and deceits with which the busier spheres of life are full, she allowed her affections their natural play, and unhesitatingly gave her heart to Tiburcius ; feeling herself justified in her choice by the regard and affection which her father so constantly bestowed upon him. Nothing could be more natural—they had been brought up together from children. He was an orphan—she nearly so ; without relations, without friends, they felt that they were all the world to each other ; and Hellione, as we have already said, saw no reason for disguising her sentiments.

Wrapt as she was in meditations concerning

the fate of him she loved, and of the nature and character of the hatred, the deadly hatred, which Rostaing unquestionably bore him, and even thinking of the means by which she might conciliate her brother, and draw him from a course of life and conduct so cruel and disgraceful as that which he was pursuing, Hellione was suddenly aroused by loud and rapid cries of "Fire, fire, fire!" which resounded through the house, coming from the lower floor on which Tiburcius's sleeping-room was situated, and in an instant afterwards a cloud of burning smoke burst from the windows.

Again the cries of fire were repeated, and before Hellione's heart had throbbcd thrice in her bosom, the door of her room was burst open, and Rostaing stood before her.

"What! what in the name of heaven has happened?" asked Hellione.

"A little disturbance—that's all," said her brother, in a tone of cool indifference.

"What disturbance?" cried Hellione; and all at once the danger to which her beloved, must have been subjected, flashing upon her

mind, she added in a tone of phrensy, "Where is Tiburcius—where?"

"I have told you," said Rostaing, "it is only a disturbance—a noise."

"Rostaing," said Hellione, "your calm voice ill accords with your agitated countenance—something dreadful has happened—some victim has been sacrificed."

"Victim!" said Rostaing, smiling a ghastly smile; "don't weep, it is only a man—"

"Where is he—what have you done with him?" cried the half frantic girl.

"Hark you, Hellione,—Tiburcius is not my brother."

"Speak then," cried she; "where is the fire?"

"Your father is safe; come, let me save *you*—you alone: I will bear you to a place of security."

Hellione rushed towards the door.

"Save our brother!" cried she.

"The ceiling of his room has fallen in upon him," said Rostaing exultingly; "but he *was* not my brother."

"Murder! murder!" cried Hellionè; but Rostaing threw himself between her and the door, and stopped her flight.

"Why should the fire cause you such alarm—such anguish?" said he,—"I am not there—I am here safe with *you*—there is no hurry."

"But *he*—*he*—oh! Rostaing let me fly—do not stop me—every moment that passes—oh! Rostaing—" She made an effort to rush by him, but he held her by the arms,—while writhing with torture, she exclaimed again, "Let me go, tiger!"

Rostaing, closing the door, pushed her rudely from him.

"You seem to have a great dread of fire," said he; "I tell you, I am your brother—your friend—and yet I am a tiger! The tiger has received four wounds for you, Hellione, and will receive as many more if any one unworthy of you dares to approach you—Tiburcius is one of those."

"I will save him if I perish!" exclaimed Hellione.

"You love him then?" cried Rostaing.

"As much as I hate you," replied his exasperated sister.

"Then listen, infatuated girl—"

At this moment, a voice of one in grief and anguish was heard above the noise of the crackling timbers of the falling walls. Hellione recognised it—she listened—a thousand feelings agitated her heart—it was the voice of Tiburcius—a human form caught her eye amidst the clouds of smoke, and before she could satisfy herself of the reality, Tiburcius was in her arms. The surprise overcame her ; her limbs trembled, and as he supported her, she whispered in his ear, "I cannot survive this—if we *must* part, heaven bless you !"

Tiburcius laid the fainting Hellione on her couch, and rushed to the staircase to see if escape that way were practicable, and to ascertain whether the Marquis was safe. Scarcely had he quitted the room, his unexpected appearance in which, considering all things for the moment, had unmanned Rostaing, than the infuriated incendiary rushed after him—but he was gone—safe from his vengeance, now in-

flamed in a tenfold degree—but such safety was but of little avail; Rostaing followed him down the staircase, and having lost sight of him exclaimed, with a solemn oath, “Let him go whither he will, I will follow him, and have his life !”

Hellione heard this dreadful denunciation, and flew from her couch to the door of her room at the moment her father reached it. Intuitively, as it were, aware of all that had passed, he threw himself on his knees before his daughter, and turning towards a crucifix which hung against the wall, his features convulsed with grief, plainly developed by the still raging flames of his house, he said, “Heaven have pity on a guilty race—Thy will be done !”

These words, perfectly mysterious to Hellione, fell sadly on her ear, and she sank senseless on her father’s shoulder.

It would be a work of supererogation here to describe that most extraordinary spot of ground called the Camargue, which, within six leagues of the mouth of the Rhone, is bound as it were between two branches of that rapid river, at

which point the salt and fresh waters meet. It is one of the most extraordinary spots upon the face of the earth,—rarely visited by any, except occasionally by shepherds, doomed to watch the sheep which feed upon its marshy herbage, or sometimes by adventurous sportsmen, who rendezvous at Fourques,—consisting of three miserable hovels,—whence, guided by the unhappy herdsmen, they get across the mud-banks, and enjoy excellent sport in wild-duck shooting.

No place upon earth is like the Camargue—one can only assimilate its natural appearance with that of a world in the midst of the work of creation;—every thing in and about it is in disorder—the earth and water are mingled together—the fish swarm amongst the subaqueous grass,—enormous serpents rear their crests to the sun, or bask upon the well-washed pebbly shore. Wild horses are seen swimming about its banks in company with the water-fowl; while in the interior, attracted by the climate, the variety of plants and flowers which grow on the island, its proximity to the sea, and its scarcely broken solitude, birds from all latitudes, unknown even

in the neighbourhood, are seen flying in perfect security, without shunning either the shepherds or their flocks.

Still, notwithstanding the apparent fertility of this strange region,—notwithstanding the interest it cannot fail to inspire, and the curiosity which it must inevitably excite, it is impossible to feel happy or comfortable while in it;—the vapours rising from its marshes; its flowers blooming upon beds of mud; its beautiful verdure treacherously covering pits and quicksands, and the rushing whirl of waters, which are perpetually wearing away the very ground upon which the visitor stands—all conduce to create uneasiness during one's stay there. Its beauty seems perfidious, and we quit it with a feeling that we have left a proscribed country¹.

One day, just as the sun was setting in all its golden splendour, casting its last rays over the dry land on the north of the Camargue, a huge

¹ The change that has taken place in the Camargue, since the period to which this narrative refers, is almost beyond belief. It is now well peopled, numerous excellent houses have been built upon it, and it is in the highest state of cultivation.

bird of prey rose suddenly from the ground, its beak clotted with blood, uttering a loud and piercing shriek of anger and discontent at having been disturbed from its horrid banquet on a corpse which lay extended within ten yards of the river.

The moment the monster took flight, a stone fell amongst the neighbouring rushes, which had been aimed at it, by a young herdsman, who stepping forward, exclaimed in a tone of vexation, "I have overshot the mark—if I had not, I should—"

He did not finish the sentence—his speech was stopped by the sight which presented itself to his view. The dead body was at his feet—near it lay the hilt of a broken sword, a cloak and coat covered with mud, and a hat ornamented with red feathers.

The startled herdsman stopped, nor was he much gratified by hearing his companion, who was close behind him, exclaim, "Oh! it is *here*, is it?"

"It is, indeed," replied the herdsman; "and is *this* the fish that you told me you could not

carry up to Fourques by yourself? Is it for such fishing as *this* that my brother-in-law, Fouran of Avignon, has come down the river?"

"You have just hit it, Pierin," said the boatman.

"If this is your trade, brother-in-law," answered the other, "you must go to market without *me*. What are you looking at him so earnestly for?"

"To make out, if I can," said the boatman, "whether it is *mine* or the *other*."

"What! are there two?" asked Pierin.

"There are—listen. This morning, about four o'clock, I was busy on the shore at Avignon, getting ready for work before it was quite light, when a young gentleman hailed me, stepped into my boat without speaking, and the moment he was in it, sharply enough, as I thought, ordered me to put off with him directly; at the same time placing a box which he had brought down to the river-side, before him. I did as he bid me, for he was so fierce and commanding that I was afraid to say nay; and when we were

well out in the stream, I asked him whither he wished to go.

“ ‘To the mouth of the river,’ said the young gentleman. ‘You shall be well paid.’ To which I replied, as I thought he must have known, that we could not go lower down the river than Arles.

“ ‘Go to Arles, then,’ was his answer.

“ ‘It is a long way, sir,’ said I; ‘mine are heavy oars, and I don’t think I shall be able to pull for twelve hours.’

“ ‘I will relieve you when you are tired,’ replied he. ‘Besides the current is all in our favour.’ So away we went, and sure enough never did I carry so melancholy a passenger; He held down his head, and at times hid it in his hands; then he would raise his eyes to Heaven, and look at the moon. So, seeing how desolate he seemed, I kept talking to him about every thing in the world that I knew of, in order to amuse him.

“ ‘And perhaps,’ said the brother-in-law, “to find out his history?”

“ ‘Find out,’ said Fouran; “not I—I have

not the least curiosity about me—not that I got a single syllable out of him by way of answer to anything I said. So at last, I mentioned the fire that had broken out in the house of the Marquis de Cruentaz—asked him if he had seen it, or knew if it was out ; for you see I had not even curiosity enough to go to look at *that*. So, in answer to my question, he says, says he, ‘ Yes, it is out, and all is safe.’ This was in his common voice, but between the next two pulls of the oars, I heard him mutter to himself, ‘ Else I should not be here.’

“There our conversation stopped. As the day began to dawn, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the lessening towers of Avignon, and when they at last faded from our sight, he again hid his face and cried like a child. Seeing which, I thought I would try to please him, and raise his spirits, and accordingly I struck up my favourite song of ‘ *The Troubadour quitting his mistress*.’ I knew I should please him, and sure enough I did ; for I hadn’t sung three lines, before he threw me some money, and begged I would not trouble myself to sing any more ; so

I told him he was too liberal by half, and put his money in my pocket."

"Ah!" said the herdsman, "that was all fair, —gentlemen should always pay for their fancies, —though I can't compliment his taste in not liking your singing; but still you should not have killed him."

"Killed him!" said Fouran; "—this dead man lying here mayn't be him."

"Who can it be?"

"Listen,—as I said before—listen," said Fouran. "About two hours before vespers, just as we had cleared the little islands of Beaucaire, what should I see but a boat a long way astern of us, pulling at a great rate; whereupon, knowing the Camargue to be a favourite rendezvous for gentlemen who have a taste for cutting each other's throats in an honourable way, on account of its being out of the Papal territory, I asked my passenger if he expected any body. He said, 'No: that he should land at Arles and proceed to Marseilles, whence he meant to embark on a long voyage.'

"Before the boat neared us, the passenger in

it, who had been rowing with the waterman, had laid himself down to rest, and I soon saw that it was Bruno who was pulling, although he kept under the opposite bank ; but all at once his companion jumped up, and in an instant seizing one of the oars, went to work, and dashed towards us. The moment he got near enough, he threw a grappling right into my boat, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph, ‘ I have got him—I hold him ! ’”

“ I did not know what to do—but I had not much time to consider, for the gentleman jumped on board, having nearly knocked me into the river, and I perceived in an instant that it was Rostaing de Cruentaz.”

“ The mad gentleman with the sister,” said Pierin. “ He who fights three duels a week ? ”

“ The same.”

“ And is this his body ? ”

“ Perhaps so, and perhaps not,” said Fouran, “—however, the moment he jumped on board of me he ran aft. Upon which my passenger looking at him calmly and firmly, said, ‘ Rostaing—you meditate some dreadful crime.’ ”

“They then began to talk, and *my* passenger seemed rational and just ; but Cruentaz was mad, if ever I saw a madman.

“ ‘The world is not wide enough for us both,’ said he.

“ ‘Therefore is it,’ said the other, ‘that I leave you. I know my duty to my benefactor—to *that* I am ready to sacrifice every thing—even my pride.’

“ ‘That is not enough,’ said Cruentaz ; ‘I thirst for your blood !’

“ ‘Thirst on,’ said the other, ‘no power shall induce me to draw the sword I have received from the father, against the son.’

“ ‘Coward !’ said Cruentaz.

“The blood mounted to the cheeks of *my* passenger, but he struggled with his rage and conquered it, and answered,—

“ ‘He that has nothing to lose can have nothing to fear—you wished me to go—I am gone—what more do you desire ?’

“ ‘Yesterday,’ exclaimed Cruentaz, gnashing his teeth,—‘Yesterday, your going *would* have satisfied me. Hellione has now degraded, de-

based herself, by owning that she loves you—you must die !’

“ Well, Pierin,” continued the boatman, “ you must understand by this time what droll sort of people young lords are. However, upon that, they both drew their swords ; but as we were close to Arles, and any body from the shore might have seen what they were at, I run my boat smack against Bruno’s, and the shock over-set young Cruentaz.

“ ‘ Oh !’ cried Bruno, ‘ have pity upon us, good gentlemen, and if you *must* fight, let us pull back, and you can land higher up the river.’

“ ‘ That will take too much time,’ said Rostaing ; and seizing the oars, pulled both boats, which were lashed together, with the fury of a demon into the middle of the current, and away they shot like arrows through the rapids before Arles, dashing among the reefs covered with spray.

“ ‘ Holy Mother !’ said I to Bruno, ‘ our boats will both be lost.’

“ ‘ It is all *my* fault,’ said Bruno, whose voice

was drowned in the noise of our extraordinary voyage ; ‘ *my* passenger about an hour after you were gone from Avignon, came to me, and asked me if I had seen any body on foot or horseback pass along the road ; when, thinking no harm, I replied no—but by way of something to say, I told him that you had been hired by a young gentleman to take him down the river. Whereupon he told me that he was certain it was a friend of his, of whom he was anxious to take leave before he quitted France, and gave me some money, in order to induce me to follow and overtake him if I could. However,’ added Bruno, ‘ now that I see what it all means, if they *do* fight, I must take back the survivor, because he will help to pull up against the stream, inasmuch as he will be deucedly anxious to get back to the Papal city—you can stay with your brother-in-law for the night, and come up with him to-morrow ;—but, above all things, if one of them should happen to be killed, do not forget to throw his body into the river.’ ”

“ And which *was* killed ? ” said Pierin.

“How should I know!” said the boatman. The moment they got on shore at the Camargue, one said, ‘No power shall induce me to fight!’ whereupon they came to high words; which seemed to me all natural enough; till at last Cruentaz told him, that if he would not fight, he would kill him as he was. Upon which the other said,—

“‘Heaven will require a severe account of this affair—remember, I oppose you hand to hand, only to prevent you from becoming a murderer.’

“And then sure enough, to it they went—off flew their cloaks and coats, and out came their swords; but *my* man was perfectly cool, and parried every thrust of the other, till at length, the ground getting soft under their feet, they removed to another place; where, unfortunately, Cruentaz saw me looking on;—he rushed at me, and ordered me in a tone of fury to get out of sight:—after that, of course I dared not watch them except at a greater distance.

“As however, notwithstanding the rebuff of Cruentaz, I kept looking at them as well as I

could, it seemed to me that *my* passenger refused to continue the combat ; but all at once Cruentaz said something to him, which seemed in an instant to change his nature and excite him dreadfully ; for, seizing his sword, which he had thrown from him, he raised his arms as if calling Heaven to witness some dreadful declaration, and instantly attacked Rostaing with the greatest fury. In half a minute both their swords were broken, and they continued stabbing and digging away with the remaining bits of their blades ; till, abandoning those, they seized each other, and in the struggle fell together amongst the rushes, when I lost sight of them. They rose again, so covered with blood and mud that I could not make out one from the other—I could distinguish but one mass and two arms striking furiously—the mass fell again—one arm only moved, and that but twice or thrice faintly—for an instant I beheld one head above the reeds, but afterwards I saw no more.

“Then,” continued Fouran, “I made the best of my way to Fourques ; and, before I met

you, had turned round to look at the river to see whereabouts the boats were—one only remained moored to the bank, and, in the other, I saw two men rowing as hard as they could up against the stream, whom I have no doubt were Bruno and the conqueror.

“As to the other,” added he, turning over the body, “he is so maimed—so cut about, and so covered with mud, that Old Nick himself would be puzzled to make him out—his whole countenance is one wound.”

“Which is to eat him, the birds or the fish?” said Pierin to his companion, who, leaning over the body, was washing the face with some tufts of wet grass.

“Why,” replied Fouran,—“at present, neither; for, bad as he looks, he is not dead.”

Whereupon they lifted up the wounded man, and laid him so that the water of a little rippling brook, hard by, might flow over his face—a proceeding which filled them with considerable alarm, inasmuch as by the laws and ordinances of Popery duellists are *de facto* excommunicated persons.

"Shall we leave him here as he is?" said Fouran.

"I think," said Pierin, "we ought to be very careful how we meddle with the affairs of great men; if he recovers, we may get into some scrape."

"Besides," said Fouran, "if it should be the *other*, as I think it is by the hat and feather, I should not like to do him any service whatever, because if he came to life again all well and wicked as ever, he might take it amiss, and cut our throats."

"As for me, I won't touch him," said Pierin; "he ought to have confessed himself, before he resigned his life."

"Pierin," said Fouran, "great lords are sometimes rich—recollect *that*—let us, therefore, be humane and charitable, and try to find out which of the two this is."

Acting upon this disinterested suggestion, they proceeded to raise the head of the sufferer from the little brook, and discovered that he had endeavoured to drink—but, nevertheless, they could not recognise him—even the distinguish-

ing marks of his dress only served to deceive them ; for, in the hurry of his flight, Rostaing, although he had taken his own cloak, had carried off the hat of Tiburcius. Instead of helping the unfortunate victim, the two worthies held a new consultation as to what they should do for the best—that is, for themselves. Time pressed—twilight was nearly past, and darkness was so fast approaching, that the blood of the victim and the clear water by which he lay, appeared of the same colour ; the wind whistled through the reeds, and the serpents half-numbed with the cold, had already coiled themselves up in their green retreats.

How Fouran the boatman, and his brother-in-law Pierin the shepherd, made up their minds to act under the circumstances, history recordeth not—all *we* know is, that poor Hellione, after the alarm and excitement naturally caused by the recent fire, was satisfied only with having in her hurried note given her consent to the departure of Tiburcius ; for, accustomed as she was to the violence of her brother, she could not but attach a more than usual importance to

the horrible determination he expressed when he rushed down the staircase in pursuit of *him*, whom of all the world she loved the best.

It was on the evening of the day following the hateful *rencontre* at the Camargue, that she was sitting working, and endeavouring to amuse her father the Marquis, suffering as he was under the incipient symptoms of a fit of the gout, brought on by his exposure and exertions during the fire ; but all her efforts either to confine her thoughts to her embroidery, or suit her conversation to her father's temper were vain—her eyes wandered over the room in which they were sitting, which, although it had escaped destruction, yet bore many marks of the effects of the devastating element, the sight of which filled her mind with fresh recollections of the horrid event which had so recently occurred.

Unluckily for *her*, her father, who always assumed a careless manner, and who affected perfect indifference as to the accident which had so terrified and distressed his child ; talked of nobody but Tiburcius, of whose intentional absence he was not aware.

"Why has he left us, Hellione?" said the old gentleman; "tell me, my dear girl, has any accident happened to him?"

"None, sir," replied Hellione, "rely upon it we shall have good news from him shortly."

"News!" said the Marquis—"what, then, is he so far removed from us, that he cannot come to speak for himself? And where is Rostaing?—are they together?—Tell me, I own my son's language, when he rushed out of your room on the night of the bustle, alarmed me."

"Oh! no," said Hellione, "something had passed—some reproach as to his mode of life which excited him—oh!—no—no—it meant nothing."

"What!" said the Marquis, "may I not make a single observation upon the conduct of my own son?"

"My dear father," said Hellione, "do not be angry with what I am going to say; but, rely upon it, if you yielded less to *him*, he would respect you the more."

"Ah! Hellione," said the Marquis, "you talk well—but I am growing old—I love quiet—

I do not like to irritate him. Rostaing has in his veins, blood that—aye, aye, in *him*, the most terrible of his ancestors lives again. True, most true is it, that the sins of our forefathers are to be visited upon their children.” But then, having almost unconsciously assumed a tone which it was his constant effort always to avoid, and seeing moreover that Hellione was seriously affected by perceiving him so moved, he instantly assumed the playful smile, which he had generally at command, to disguise his feelings, and added, “You remember Bluebeard’s key, the stain of which could never be effaced—man’s destiny is not to be averted.”

“What *are* you thinking of, my dear father?” said Hellione.

“Thinking,” replied he, “that Tiburcius vexes me by leaving us.”

“Hush! father,” said Hellione, “I hear a noise; perhaps he is returned.”

“No, no,” said the Marquis, “it is some of the servants passing along the lobby. Yet,” continued he, “after all, dear Hellione, Rostaing loves you.”

Hellione bowed her head, as if admitting the proposition.

"When I die, Hellione," said the Marquis, "he will be your support."

"Oh ! dearest, dearest father, do not talk about dying," said Hellione.

"Why," answered the Marquis, with his accustomed gaiety of manner, "flying gout, my dear girl, does not confer a patent of immortality."

"Listen, father ! listen !" said Hellione eagerly. "I *do* hear steps—I am not deceived—there is a knocking at the gate—some one is coming up stairs—it is Tiburcius."

Hellione was right, and she was wrong—steps *were* heard. Hellione threw down her work, and the Marquis raised himself, by placing his arms on those of his chair, to listen.

A servant opened the door of the room.

"Is it he !" said the Marquis.

Rostaing stood before him.

"No," said the Marquis, "no ;" and as if correcting himself, added, "yes, yes ;—'tis *he*."

Contrary to his ordinary custom, Rostaing entered apparently in excellent spirits ; his air

was gay and triumphant. The Marquis looked at him with parental satisfaction, which his numerous indiscretions could not eradicate, till, seeing on his face two fresh wounds, he said to him, "What, Rostaing, you rogue, you have been in some new quarrel—scarred in the face like your father;" and then the old gentleman laughed. Had any one else referred to his scar, he might not have been so complacent.

"Oh, no," said Rostaing, "do not compare the scratch of a beast's paw with the cut of a sabre—and how are *you*, my little sister?" added he, holding out both his hands to her, in which she placed hers, trembling with the dreadful recollection of their last interview; but she dare not even whisper *that* which occupied her whole mind—she looked at him—waited to hear him speak—a second seemed to her an age.

"Have you seen our Tiburcius?" asked the Marquis.

"*Your* Tiburcius!" answered Rostaing, scornfully. "No! not to-day."

There is blood on his face! thought Hellione—"Your wound is deep," said she, in a faltering voice.

"Do not frighten yourself about *that*, my dear girl," answered Rostaing, "I never was better in my life."

"I am delighted to find you so," said the Marquis.

"I am tired," said the son; "and I am hungry."

"So much the better," exclaimed the affectionate parent, delighted to find that, contrary to his habit, his son felt an appetite which, from his regularly irregular course of living, was unusual with him.

"What on earth *has* happened!" whispered Hellione to herself.

The Marquis rallied all his energy to ring the bell, which was on the table beside him, in order that something might be immediately got ready for his son's repast.

"What would you like to eat, Rostaing?" said the Marquis, as the servant obeyed the summons.

"Why," said the exhilarated young man, "whatever is best will do for *me*," at the same time pacing the room, evidently in the highest possible spirits.

“ Ah !” said the Marquis, “ my dear fellow, if I could but persuade you to lead a regular life—this—”

Here the old gentleman was interrupted in his paternal lecture, by a shout of laughter from his impracticable son ; and Hellione, watching his movements, overcome by the deepest anguish, murmured, “ All is lost for me !”

Rostaing, whether he heard the muttered exclamation or not, darted upon his unhappy sister a look full of demoniacal irony, and seeing her pale and terrified, approached her, and in the sweetest tone of voice, said,—

“ What is the matter, dearest Hellione ? the sister who loves me—undividedly—why dearest, you look as if you were sleepy.”

She trembled—a voice which spoke to her heart alone, whispered, “ Tiburcius is dead !” No longer able to endure this horrible torture of mind, she fixed her scrutinizing eyes upon her brother, and measuring him as it were, from head to foot, spoke not a word, but pointed with her finger to a stain of blood which was on his coat. Her lips moved—again her eyes rested

on his countenance in search of an explanation of what she saw.

“Ha, ha,” said Rostaing; “is it blood you see, my dear Hellione? I have been shooting—that is the blood of a turtle-dove.”

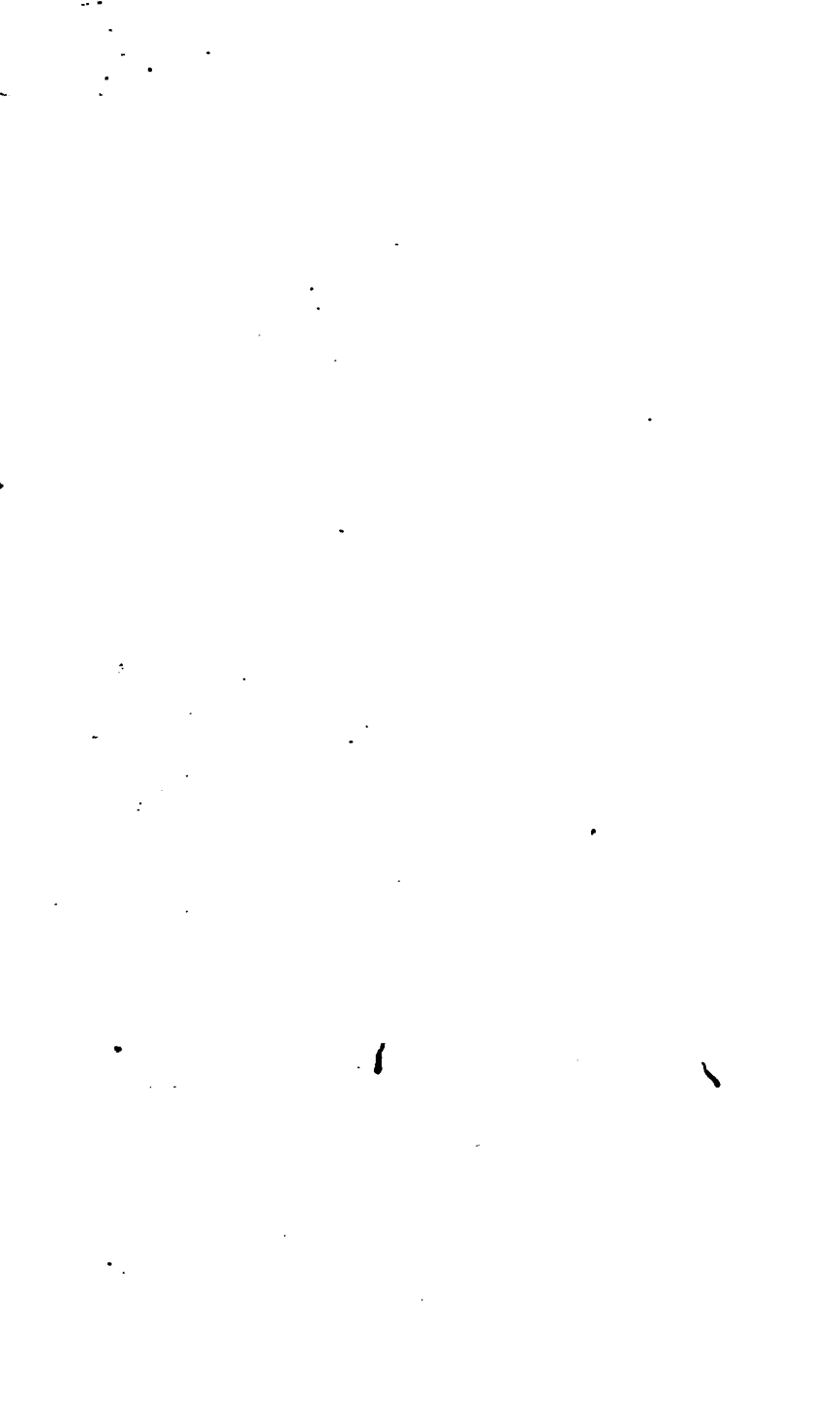
“Have you killed any thing?” said the Marquis, with a smile of mingled doubt and good humour.

“Yes, Sir,” said Rostaing; “a fine turtle-dove. Do you doubt it, Hellione?” added he, again turning to her—his eyebrows contracted by a frown, while his lips quivered with a malicious smile. “Do you doubt *mè*, I say?”

Without waiting for the poor girl’s answer, he threw upon the floor the hat, which in the hurry of quitting the Camargue, he had brought away from the field of battle, round which was twisted the black feather which Tiburcius always wore.

“There! Hellione—there!” said he, pointing to the object. “The dove is dead, perhaps you will recognize the bird by his plumage.”

However much the hopes of Hellione had sunk before her forebodings of the dreadful





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event that she felt convinced awaited her, she did not at the moment comprehend the meaning of her mad brother—but a minute's consideration brought the horrid truth to her mind. She trembled like the ivy, torn by the wind from its support—her mouth opened to give utterance to a cry—but in vain, she had not the power to speak—she stepped forward a few paces, her hands stretched forth—she tottered, and as if endeavouring to cling to something—Life perhaps—her eyes grew fixed—her lips contracted—her head sank, and with one long-drawn sigh, she fell backwards.

At this moment Rostaing was summoned to his repast.

“So much the better,” said he, rubbing his hands joyously: “to-day I could eat stones!” and turning to the servant who was approaching the fallen Hellione, he called out, “Come, sir, come—that is nothing; I know her—it is all acting—all acting:” and away he went to his solitary banquet.

All this had happened in so short a time, that almost before the door was closed, and certainly

before the Marquis was aware that his daughter had fallen—SHE WAS DEAD.

* * * * *

After this event, the character of the wretched Rostaing underwent an entire change ; a long stupor of grief was succeeded by a transport of rage, and the conviction that his sister had so far debased herself as to love the plebeian object of his father's bounty, obliterated from his heart the sorrow he at first felt for her death.—The hour of remorse had not yet arrived.

Resolved to drive her from his memory ; as soon as common decency permitted, he launched into all sorts of excesses—no tender or fraternal feeling had a place in his hardened heart. He gave himself time neither for thinking nor sleeping, but abandoned himself to the society of the most worthless men—stained with crime, loaded with debts, and protected only from the course of law and justice, by the holy walls of Avignon.

Above all things, he dreaded sleep—to avoid it, he had recourse to constant activity and spirits. His haggard eyes glistened over his

cadaverous countenance, and gave him an almost superhuman appearance. Totally lost to all sens of honour or principle, he delighted only in working the ruin of others, and involving those who called themselves his friends, in all the mischiefs in which he could by any possibility entangle them. He seldom visited his father's house, the scene of the dreadful tragedies of which he had himself been the author.

On the other hand the Marquis remained shut up, refusing to see any one ! mourning incessantly for Tiburcius, and tormented with a dread of fatalism almost incomprehensible. He fully believed in the efficacy of the ban, under which his ancestors so long ago had fallen, and compared, in all the bitterness of grief, the history of *Œdipus* with his own.

Like a criminal purified by remorse and repentance, he waited the fulfilment of his destiny as the payment of a debt ; and without trembling at the approach of the great atonement to which he was convinced his whole family were to be devoted, bowed his head submissively, without even caring upon whom the avenging

arm was to fall. From his youth, the Marquis had been the sport of fate, and the remembrance of his forefathers had been so deeply impressed on his mind, by the recital of their dreadful deeds, that even religion itself had failed to cure him of his superstition; the sudden death of his child had awakened all his apprehensions, and he looked upon the blow by which she fell, as like the thunderbolt which destroyed Ajax, or the fire which swallowed up Abiram.

The death of Hellione had been so instantaneous, that neither her father, who knew little of her heart or feelings, nor the servants could account for it. It was not extraordinary therefore, especially with the Marquis's forebodings, that he should attribute to the will of a just yet avenging providence, that, which surpassed all human comprehension. Left to himself then, as he had been by his son, since the occurrence of the calamitous event, he thought of nothing—spoke of nothing, but his lost Tiburcius.

Whether it were that the repetition of this name by the Marquis (one day in the presence

of Rostaing, during one of his "few and far between" visits to his parent), in a tone of mingled affection and sorrow, excited in Rostaing's breast pity, jealousy, or justice, who shall guess?—suffice it to say, that in answer to his father's usual mournful complaint that Tiburcius was unkind and ungrateful, else why was he not at home?—the madman exclaimed,

"Tiburcius has *not* abandoned you ; he is *not* ungrateful—he cannot return—he never *will* return—he is dead ; dead as Count D'Onis is—dead as others are—because he dared to love my sister."

At these words, a slight shock agitated the Marquis, but he struggled with his feelings manfully ; he closed his eyes for a few moments and spake not—when he opened them, he appeared perfectly calm and composed.

"And *he*," said the old man, "he is gone too—so young. He was not of our family—still—still—he was the brother of my daughter !"

"And I," exclaimed Rostaing, clenching his fist in his father's face, "who then am I ?"

“ You,” said the Marquis, “ are the one predestined—you are to be the executioner of our family, and of yourself—at once the sword and the victim: so runs the curse that is over us. Rostaing! dreadful will it be for him who goes last—the dregs of the cup will be bitter—ruin, eternal ruin waits him who drains it. As for myself, I am at ease; I am equally free from hope and fear.”

“ Oh!” replied the young man, laughing, “ the cup is a large one. I have tried myself to empty it, but it is bottomless. You, my dear father, would drink the Rhone and Durance too, if they were full of bitterness. Grief seems to me to do you good, you grow fat upon it.”

It is quite true, that the more the old Marquis kept out of society the more he appeared to thrive. Notwithstanding the poignancy of his sorrow and the paleness of his countenance, under the cuticle of which one could scarcely believe the blood to circulate; he really did, as his son said, seem to thrive upon the evils which surrounded him, and which he bore with an external carelessness almost inconceivable.

Different, indeed, were the state and position of his ill-conditioned son : we have seen how he passed *his* miserable life ; but it had become now essential—to his comfort one can scarcely call it, for comfort he never knew but—to his existence, to drink. He ate nothing—brandy had superseded the blood in his veins—he slept never—he was a victim to alternate restlessness and lassitude ; but he could not die.

Whither he went or what he did, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to the infatuated young man ; he had enlarged the circle of his dissipation, and been far a-field in search of new excitements, so that nearly a fortnight had elapsed before he thought of paying his father another visit. Fevered, and wretched, and broken down by excesses of all kinds, he at length turned his thoughts towards his once loved, now hated home, and accordingly proceeded to Avignon, which he reached just as the bells of the churches were tolling heavily. As he entered the street in which his father's house stood, he saw the end of a procession passing round one of the corners of a neighbouring

square, returning from a funeral. On arriving at the gates of his paternal residence, he found them open. He entered, and the first objects that caught his eye were the undertakers, stripping the walls of the hall—in which stood two trestles, whence a coffin had evidently been just removed—of the sable hangings with which it had been gloomily decorated. He looked round him in amazement—he went forward—all was silent. He saw the old waiting woman, the faithful attendant of his lost sister, coming down the stairs, carrying a bundle in her arms ; he was about to ask her a thousand questions connected with all he saw around him, when dropping him a low courtesy, and placing in his hands a large bunch of keys, she said, bursting into tears,

“ Marquis, I have served your sister, and your father—they are dead—*my* task is fulfilled. You are now alone in this house, in which I saw you born, and where I have staid till the last, to give you the keys. *My* masters are gone—they exist no longer ; I go, and never will I enter these doors again.”

There was something in the address of this venerable and excellent woman that struck into the heart of the reprobate, the mad Rostaing. He, hastily thrust the keys into his pocket, placing his foot upon the first step of the staircase with the intention of ascending. The sound reverberated through the walls, and he fancied he heard the voices of its former inhabitants—his imagination giving new life to those whom he had destroyed—his courage failed him; he could advance no farther.

“To-morrow,” cried he, “to-morrow I will take possession.” Saying which, he rushed out of the hotel without even shutting the doors after him; such was his agitation; and hurried to the society of his drunken associates to drown in new excesses the miseries which overwhelmed him.

“My father is dead,” said he, as he entered the room where they were assembled. Whereupon these dirty parasites raised a loud cry of congratulation, that their patron and dupe had come into possession of his fortune. But he heard them not—his thoughts were on his

sister—on the sudden death of her, of whose honour and affection he had been so jealous—whose death came from his hand.

“ So young—so good !” murmured Rostaing.

New shouts of laughter followed this involuntary exclamation.

“ And so handsome !”

“ Are you mad ?” said one of the most familiar of his creatures. “ What a strange funeral oration over a dead father—the respectable Marquis ——”

In an instant, waking from the reverie in which this soliloquy escaped him, he cast a look of rage and fury upon the daring jester, who had ventured to touch upon his father’s memory, and without condescending to utter one syllable of explanation upon a subject, with which he never meant to trust his *friends*, he hastily quitted their presence.

To endeavour to describe the state to which the infatuated young man’s mind was now reduced or exalted, would be impossible—the sharpest agonies of remorse filled his heart. It was but too clear to him that to his own ferocity

and abruptness, the death of his strangely-loved sister was entirely attributable; and to that event, wholly unaccounted for by any natural causes to the Marquis, might unquestionably be traced that of his father. Whither could he fly to hide his anguish—whither could he turn for consolation? He walked rapidly along the streets. Having reached the ramparts, the very silence startled him; he crossed the river—he abandoned himself to every excess of grief, which excited his constitutional infirmity in a more dreadful degree. He threw himself upon the ground, called upon the name of his murdered Hellione, and even bit the earth which had swallowed her up. In fact, his own account of his sufferings fully justifies that, which no longer remains a question of doubt, that in inheriting the vices of his ancestors, he also inherited their insanity.

Arousing himself in a paroxysm of frenzy from a lucid interval of comparative repose, during which tears had come to his relief, he started to his feet again, and an insatiable anxiety for action seized him; he felt that he

could only conquer his misery by violent exertion, and he ran rapidly and eagerly towards the hills, on which stand the romantic Villeneuve and St. André, taking however the most difficult paths, laughing and crying hysterically, as he scrambled up the sides of the acclivities. The combination of his feelings as to Hellione was terrible ; but, as regarded the mass of crime he had committed, remorse, alas ! was not among the number.

Just as it was dark, an open gate presented itself to his view ; almost unconsciously he entered by it, into the church of the Chartreuse of Villeneuve—he passed through the corridor into a court-yard—thence he walked into the burying-ground. He walked *there* amongst the tombs, unconscious that they *were* tombs ; he lost his way in the cloisters, and little as he cared what became of him, endeavoured to retrace his steps,—his effort, however, was vain, for the gates had been closed upon him.

By what influence he was affected beyond that of the mental excitement and bodily fatigue he had undergone since he had quitted his unworthy companions, it is impossible to say ; but

a combination of these natural effects was sufficient to account for his falling asleep where he was, without caring to exert himself further for extrication from a shelter which, however ill-suited, spiritually speaking, to his case or condition, at least covered his aching head, and ensured him a resting-place for the night.

In the evening of that very day, a person arrived at Avignon by the river, from the Camargue, who, upon landing, directed his steps towards the hotel of the Marquis de Cruentaz. He was a young man, thin and pale, the sallowness of whose countenance was rendered almost ghastly, by the marks of wounds which must have been recently inflicted on it.

He reached the house ; gazed up at its windows with a melancholy satisfaction, and smiled in the midst of his evident suffering, as if he had awakened from a frightful dream, and welcomed the approach of some long-hoped-for happiness. His countenance seemed to express the delightful anticipations of a son about to be restored to a father—of a lover on the eve of regaining his mistress. He crossed the street.

It was clear, by his manner, that he was ignorant of what had recently happened in the house which he approached. As he drew near the gate, his anxiety gave him new life and energy, and without waiting either for inquiry or consideration, he entered the deserted, dilapidated hotel, whence nobody ever saw him return.

* * * * *

It may now perhaps be as well to throw a little light upon the "events of other days;" to which, according to the belief of the dead Marquis de Cruentaz, the evils which had been foretold, had fallen upon his family

One hundred and fifteen years before the occurrence of the circumstances which have been here recorded—that is to say, in the year 1658, six persons were assembled under the trees in the court-yard of the little convent of the Carmelites, at Villeneuve. Two of them proceeded to the gate, and the Superior of the house, then a dependency of the Carmelite convent at Avignon, delivered over to them a young and beautiful girl, from whom she appeared to part with deep regret; their affection seemed

mutual, and nothing but the cheering presence of an extremely fine young man, evidently her accepted lover, would have forced a smile to move her rosy lips, or checked a tear which seemed ready to flow from her sparkling eyes, over her long and beautiful eyelashes.

The young couple were so perfectly handsome—

“ So justly formed to meet by Nature,”

that even the three persons who accompanied them, could not refrain from looking at them with delight and satisfaction, rejoicing that fate had propitiously destined them for each other ; and nothing could equal the grace with which the young bride, bending before the Superior (their hands clasped in each other's), offered her, as a pledge of her affection, a portrait of herself, painted by Mignard ; in which she was represented in the dress of a nun, smiling with a sort of innocent malice at the world, and carrying in the folds of her woollen robe, woven by her own hands, tufts of roses, which she had learned to forget.

Let us see how events realized the flattering hopes which this union excited. Nine years after this marriage, a series of horrors occurred, in which the husband and his brother were involved, and which ended in the murder of the lovely wife, who after receiving thirteen wounds with knives on her beautiful person, was hurled lifeless from one of the windows of that husband's house.

Far from anticipating such a result, this lovely creature delighted to exchange the faithful friendship of the Carmelite sisters, for the love of this graceful cavalier, who was no other than the MARQUIS DE GANGES !

From this monster, whose name is never mentioned without horror, and whose memory is held in detestation, and upon whom, and his descendants, rested a curse, the Marquis de Cruentaz was descended in a right line ; but, as in consequence of a clause in a will, by which *his* father succeeded to a large estate, the family name was changed, the near relationship of the Marquis, to the De Ganges family, was not generally known ; still he himself could never

get rid of the consciousness of his liability to be visited for the sins of his ancestors.

The Marquis, who was of the elder branch, had been brought up at Montpellier, and nobody recollected the period when, under his family name as the Chevalier de Ganges, he engaged in the early wars of Louis XV. If any ancient soldier lives to remember GANGES-LE-BALAFRÉ, he would perhaps be puzzled to fancy that the late-departed, complacent old gentleman, had been the cornet of dragoons of other days, so well known to the Imperialists; although, as we have seen, he did not hesitate to show his face, upon which appeared the dreadful wound, which has already been described.

The portrait of the beautiful victim of her husband's violence, which she had given to the Superior on their separation, still smiling, as its lovely original had smiled, upon her ill-fated marriage, remained for many years exhibited amongst the pictures of numerous other benefactors to the convent; but the Carmelites having sold their house at Villeneuve to the Chartreuse, the likeness of the beautiful nun, whose

name was unknown to the new possessors of the convent, was hung up in the corridor, as St. Rose, and became an object of veneration to the ignorant laity, and of the admiration of more than one monk.

It was at the foot of this very picture that Rostaing, overcome by fatigue and exertion—the last survivor of the race of which this beautiful St. Rose was, in fact, the wretched source—fell into a feverish sleep and dreamt. To describe the dreams by which he was tormented, the dreadful visions which were conjured up during his feverish slumbers, would be vain. At length, worn out with imaginary miseries, he started from his resting-place, and placing both his hands on his forehead, which seemed bursting under a rim of iron, he cast his eyes round the walls of the corridor, and beheld close to him the portrait of the Marchioness de Ganges.

Not all the horrid spectres, not all the dreadful visions, which had bewildered him in his dreams—not all the thoughts and recollections of blood and crime which filled his mind and memory—could produce an effect equal to that

which the sight of this picture created. It was so strong—so striking a likeness of the lost Hellione, that the idea of its being a painting vanished from his highly-excited mind ; he believed it to be her—his sister—the sister he had murdered.

He threw himself upon his knees before it—he wept—he implored mercy—pardon. His sight failed him ; after a struggle, he again raised his eyes to the animated canvass. Still it smiled. He raved—fear, dread, every bitter pang that Providence can inflict upon sin and infamy filled his heart ; he could no longer bear the sight of that innocent smile, which seemed to have been perpetuated in the person of his ancestress to torment and torture the last of her race. He turned away from the object, which he could no longer bear to look upon. He hastily quitted the corridor, but still the beautiful vision was before him, strewing his path with roses imbued with blood.

The monks, who were by this time moving about, were perfectly astonished by the conduct of Cruentaz ; and not knowing exactly by what

means he had become an inmate of the convent, and believing, as they naturally might by his manner, that he was mad, gave him to understand that he was quite at liberty to depart whenever he chose, and even seconded the hint by "suiting the action to the word," and opening the gate. Cruentaz, without noticing them, quitted the place, and pursued his course across the country ; every object that his eye rested upon presenting to his disordered senses, the figure of his murdered sister.

Tired, and wretched, and faint, he again crossed the river, and, perfectly unconscious of the course he was taking, re-entered Avignon, and more likely from the force of habit, than from any settled intention, found himself opposite what was now his own house. The moment he was conscious of the fact, he rushed into it, as if to hide himself from the gaze of man.

At the sight of his home, his iron heart was softened, and grief resumed its empire over it. He ascended the stairs—entered the suite of apartments—wandered amongst them for some time apparently regardless of surrounding ob-

jects, and deeply buried in thought. The wind whistled through the rooms, the doors of which had been taken off previous to the funeral ceremony, and had not been put up again, and of which many of the windows had been broken on the night of the fire. He found a good deal of the wainscoting half-burnt, the ceilings cracked, the plaster broken from the walls, and the hangings blackened. He looked at the scene of devastation, but did not appear to recollect the cause of all these disasters ; that portion of his life seemed to be forgotten.

The sight of one room alone, seemed to awaken him to a sense of his existence ;—it was that, in which his sister had lived, till the night of the fire. The sashes of the windows had been broken, and the north-easterly wind had blown in the dry leaves of autumn, which were whirling about in little eddies upon the floor. Over a richly-gilt oak cabinet, hung a piece of wainscot detached from the wall, waving in the air like the leaf of a book. Rostaing cast his eyes towards the ceiling, where he beheld a dark and deep cleft, from the edges of which hung long cob-

webs wafted to and fro in the fitful breeze—there reigned in the place a silence—a desolation—an air of nobility, and marks of ruin, of which it is difficult to describe the effect.

The heir of the deserted dwelling turned himself round—the canopy of a bed, its curtains torn, still rested over the remains of a couch, covered with ashes—the half-burnt mattress was concealed by the quilt and blankets—against the wall, a white cross, surmounted by a nail, pointed out the spot where Hellione—the lost, the lovely Hellione, was wont to hang the image of her suffering Saviour.

Moved by an impulse which might have acted upon one more sane and rational than Cruentaz, the bereaved brother lifted one of the tattered curtains. Scarcely had he touched it, before he started back in an agony of terror and surprise—he returned to the bed—drew his hand over his eyes—listened—again lifted the curtain—again held it up for a moment, when overcome with horror, he again retreated—stifling, at the risk almost of his life, a cry of desperation and dismay which gurgled like a death-rattle in his throat.

Beneath the curtains of the deserted bed of his dead sister, Rostaing had seen *a corpse*!

Bold as a lion in his madness, when roused, Rostaing discredited the evidence of his own eyes—he thought it was a vision—he was not to be daunted—he resolved to be satisfied; and in leaning over the bed, to assure himself of the fact, one of the feet of the couch gave way, and the mattress falling over, the corpse sliding in the same direction, fell slowly against Cruentaz, exhibiting to his view a ghastly mutilated countenance. In trying to avoid the contact, Cruentaz missed his footing, and the putrid face of the dead tenant of his sister's bed, lay close to his.

Rostaing disengaged himself from this horrible union, and rushed to one of the broken windows for air—but his reason was gone—entirely gone. He returned to the horrid spectacle—he saw—he knew it was the corpse of Tiburcius. But in the frenzy of the moment, convinced that he had killed him on the Camargue—he believed it was a vision—a vision so dreadful, that he cried in an agony of terror, “What! am I to see them

all?—Tiburcius, Bartos, D'Onis, all that I have killed—killed—yes, yes—that *I* have killed!” In this paroxysm of insanity inherent in his family, the wretched Rostaing could not quit the fatal room—he was aware of his wretched state—he could not find the door—he could not call for help—his brain burned—his sight failed him—he fainted.

While in this state of insensibility to all surrounding objects, Rostaing beheld in his trance the vision of St. Rose, the murdered Marchioness de Ganges, still smiling as he had seen her in the picture. The sight revived him—with a shriek of horror he exclaimed,

“ Away, away with it !—My sister—my poor murdered sister ; you will kill me !”

His terror at the sight amounted almost to raving madness : he fell prostrate, as he fancied, before the figure which imagination had presented to his mind, and his head rested upon the floor. This proud, impetuous man,—this murderer without belief, without religion, without fear of man, or mercy towards him,—was hum-

bled and abased—the hour of atonement was at length at hand—HE PRAYED !

* * * * *

It may easily be conceived, that the death of the old Marquis did not cause any very great sensation in Avignon, where he and his family had led such a retired life ; but the conduct of his son certainly *did* attract attention, from the circumstance of his sudden disappearance immediately after the funeral ; since which event, excepting on the day immediately following it, when he had been seen traversing the streets in the most extraordinary manner, nobody had either seen or heard of him.

People, who had little business of their own to do, began to make inquiries about him—none of his boon companions could give any account of him, and the inhabitants of the sacred city of the Pope laid their heads together, and wondered what the meaning of all they had seen and heard, connected with the dark, deserted house of Cruentaz could possibly be. Surmises turned to rumours, hints and insinuations superseded mere fancies, till at length reports were spread,

which induced the Vice Legate to order the commander of the Roman troops to arrest the Marquis Cruentaz, if he were shut up in his hotel.

Such was the character of the house, as regarded popular feeling, that not one human being had ventured to cross the threshold of the gate, although it had been for some time left open; but on the morning of the military visit, a considerable crowd assembled in the street to hear its result—and what *was* the result? After searching the house in every part, they found at the foot of a bed in one of the rooms a corpse, so disfigured and so far decomposed as not to be recognisable; but which, of course, finding it where they did, they concluded to be that of the young Cruentaz. They accordingly drew up a *procès-verbal* of his death, and the discovery of his body; and the body was interred without much ceremony—no servant being found in the establishment, nor any human being to take charge of the hotel. But this legal decision did not give universal satisfaction, nor did the facts obtain general belief;

for such is the disposition of the superstitious, to prefer the marvellous to the probable, that some people were ready to swear that they had seen Rostaing at midnight at the foot of St. Agricole, while others were convinced that they had themselves beheld him walking on the banks of the Rhone, close by the bridge of St. Banezat. One woman declared, that she had watched with her own eyes (as if she could have watched with any other person's) a man kneeling among the tombs in the cemetery; and the boatmen averred, that he had been seen walking on the Camargue with a cross upon his breast: although how, considering the time, and the distance of Avignon from that uncertain islet, they should have had an opportunity of witnessing his patrol upon the unholy spot, did not seem entirely clear. However, all these rumours died away in time—the gates of the hotel were closed by the Commander of the troops, and the stories about it, lost their interest, until at last total forgetfulness of the family grew out of the indifference which so generally reigned.

Six months had elapsed when the brother of the Chevalier D'Onis, whom Rostaing, as we know, had killed in a duel, and who had attained considerable eminence in the church, was called to Rhodéz on some business ; and being a stranger in the place, he was mightily startled one day during his temporary residence there, by the approach of an old woman, who, after following him for some time, came up to him and placed a note in his hand, begging him to read it immediately.

The Priest, although a most excellent and pious man, was not quite proof against the sight of a billet-doux, placed so expressively in his hands, by so respectable a looking person as his now old friend.

He opened the note and read.

"A person"—it was so well contrived as to leave it quite in doubt whether it was a lady or gentleman who wrote—"a person who has seen you pass the window, entreats you to call this evening, at eight o'clock, at the house whence this is dated ; you will then know the writer, and the motives for this request."

The invitation was one which the good priest felt he could not conscientiously decline ; and accordingly, as soon it was dark, he proceeded towards the Cathedral, and turning to his left found himself in the *Rue des Hebdomadaires*,—since rendered notorious by the tragedy of Fualdes,—and although somewhat disgusted by the appearance of the neighbourhood, directed his steps to the house pointed out in the missive. When he reached it, its aspect was by no means inviting, but self-assured by the purity of his intentions, he took the deciding measure of tapping at its door.

He knocked ; and while waiting for admission, the weathercock on the gable end of the roof, twirling on its rusty stock, afforded a very respectable imitation of a screech-owl, the two flaming eyes of a huge black cat at the same time glistening on him, from the grating of the cellar.

The old body who had given him the note opened the door, and wholly ignorant as to whom or what he was about to see, he mounted

the stairs; she preceding him with a light. Arrived at the door of the room on the first floor, she pushed it open, and he found himself alone with a man of whom he had no recollection.

Dark matted hair covered the countenance of the haggard creature, worn to the bone, and nearly bent double. He was dressed in filthy clothes, like those of a gravedigger, smelling of churchyards. His weakness overcame his habitual civility, he could not rise from his seat to receive his visiter; and when, after an effort, he spoke, the good priest looked round him to ascertain whence a voice so hollow and so death-like could proceed.

"Providence," said the unknown one, "has been kind and gracious to me, in giving me the opportunity of imploring forgiveness of one of those whom I have so deeply injured."

"Sir," said D'Onis, "you are mistaken, you cannot have injured *me*—I do not even know you."

"No, no," said the other, "the vengeance of Heaven has so changed the face of the murderer

that you do not remember me. Look at me ; look at me well."

Saying which, he held his face to the lamp. Under the appearance of haggard age, D'Onis recognised the face of a young man—he saw who it was, and started back with surprise and indignation.

" Ah ! " said the guilty one, falling on his knees, " take your revenge—trample me under your feet—I can bear all—all—but do not kill me—spare me a few days. For oh ! how I dread what is to follow after death ! "

" Do I see before me," said the astonished D'Onis, the invincible terror of Avignon, whose sword defied the world ? This despair, this humiliation, melt me to pity. Marquis," continued he, in a firm tone, " I see—I appreciate the sufferings to which you are subjected. If I can alleviate them in any degree, command me. It is useless recalling what is past—as far as mortal man can forgive another, I forgive you."

" Blessings on you," said the wretched Rostaing, for Rostaing it was. " When I saw

you pass this house in which I have buried myself, to shun mankind, whom I have basely injured, and to whom I am odious—I seized upon the hope of humbling myself before you, the happiness of whose family I destroyed—you, the pious minister of Heaven. If my life could serve as an expiation, give me but time, and you should have it. I never feared death—I—Ah !” said he to himself, “ what !—proud still—still vain—still boasting ? Down, down ; crawl, crawl, worm, till the hour comes when you shall burn eternally !”

He paused for a few seconds after this excitement, and then proceeded :

“ But you are too generous ; therefore, as you pardon and pity me, let me confide to you my wishes with regard to the property which I possess, but am determined never to enjoy. I would have the whole of it revert to the convent of the Chartreuse, at Villeneuve, and other similar establishments, so that I may obtain the prayers of the religious for my soul, when this miserable body shall have ceased to exist.”

“ Rely upon me,” said D’Onis ; “ but still hope for a longer life, amended and repentant, do not renounce the world.”

“ It is closed against me for ever,” said Rostaing, “ the destiny of our family must be fulfilled—blood will have blood—and atonement only can expiate the crimes of that blood, the last drops of which are in my veins. My life is over. Nobody ever knew my griefs, nobody ever understood my feelings. I was called a tiger ; but they knew me not. Think too, when every effort to conquer our feelings has been made—when every sacrifice has been offered to pleasure, to passion—and upon reflection we see what has occurred, and what is to come. What—what remains ?

“ RELIGION,” said D’Onis ; “ the comfort of the strong, the support of the weak.”

“ Ah !” said Rostaing, shuddering, “ the terrors of *that*—”

“ Have better courage, Marquis,” said D’Onis ; “ repent, fervently—sincerely, but do not despair—the love—”

“ —Love, love !” interrupted Rostaing, look-

ing intently on the ceiling, and muttering some name which his spiritual comforter did not understand—And then followed a scene of horror, which it would be difficult indeed to describe. His eyes starting open, were fixed to one point—terror agitated his countenance, his breast heaved—he muttered incoherently—

“ Hah !—there—there you are—that robe—those roses.—Ha !—ha !—I killed him—yes—your lover—go—go, leave me—that hated smile—what would you have ?—See—see—see—she laughs !”

And then the wretched man burst into a fit of horrid laughter.

“ Go—go, leave me—I hate you—I hate your smile, I want to sleep—go, or I shall die—”

He started up suddenly, his hair standing on end, and raising his arms over his head, he cried, at the very top of his voice,

“ By Heaven ! Monsieur D’Onis, I will kill you again !”

This was the last gleam of consciousness, subsequently his paroxysm became that of raving madness.

"What does this mean?" said the astonished priest to the woman of the house, who, upon hearing the outbreak, had hurried into the room.

"It means, sir," said she, "that it is midnight; therefore your reverence had better go; your friend will be incapable of speaking to you till to-morrow. It is at this hour the fit comes on."

"What is the cause of all this?" said D'Onis.

"Why," said the old woman, "I think he has been a bad one in his time, and is now repenting; but by what he says about the robe of a Carmelite, and all that, I think, saving your Reverence's presence, he has run away with a nun. His uncle—"

"What, has he an uncle then?" said the priest. "Why, then, does he lodge with *you*?"

"His uncle, sir," said the woman, "is one of the canons of the cathedral; it was on *his* account that he came here. But his reverence is too ill to stir out, and my lodger will neither live with *him* nor leave this house; he eats nothing but bread, and drinks nothing but

water ; and I am sure, unless you can do something to console him, he cannot survive much longer, for I see him waste away day by day."

In the best possible spirit, and with the most genuine feeling of piety and kindness, D'Onis, who was quite of the same opinion as the old landlady, as to the duration of Rostaing's existence, resolved to extend his stay at Rhodéz for a few days longer. He paid the wretched man daily visits, and received from him many confessions, some of them of a nature most terrible ; still his sense of duty overcame every other feeling, and he resolved to exert all his energies to restore the suffering sinner, by whose hand his own brother had fallen, to a state of tranquillity.

There was no time to be lost in the attempt. He sank gradually, but rapidly ; and his once Herculean frame was now wasted to a shadow. His voice grew weaker, his body was bent ; but, in his lucid intervals, the endeavour to awaken in his mind, hope for the future, was vain ; nevertheless, every day and night did the good man visit Rostaing, and incessant were his efforts to

counteract the effects of the unhappy culprit's despair of forgiveness in another world. In vain were all the consolations of absolution proffered to him—his frenzied mind seemed in the midst of all his consciousness of quiet unfitted for sincere repentance ; and although constantly employed in reading the Holy Scriptures during D'Onis's temporary absence, his Bible lay more frequently open at the history of the remorse of Judas, than at the penitence of St. Peter.

After some days, Rostaing certainly became more quiet ; one night his excellent friend left him weak but composed, and expected to find him the next day in the same improved state. The night had been colder than usual ; a thick fog obscured the sky, and the weathercock grated harshly on its pivot in the shifting wind more than was its wont. D'Onis returned, and the penitent knew him when he approached him. He spoke to him ; but his eyes remained riveted on a crucifix. D'Onis watched what he hoped was his devotion, fancying, however, that the end of his existence was not far distant.

In an instant came a paroxysm. Again he

beheld the vision of St. Rose. Again he screamed—cried—tore his hair—uttered some unintelligible words—stretched forth his arms towards the spectre, at once the object of his love and dread ; when, turning suddenly round, and starting from the floor on which he had fallen, he beheld his companion sitting on his bed, watching the progress of his delirium with intense anxiety and interest. The sight brought to his mind the thought of the corpse of Tiburcius upon the couch of Hellione. He started back with a cry of horror.

Totally ignorant of the cause of this new accession of fancy, D'Onis jumped up in order to console and support him, but he rushed from him with the greatest dread and alarm. He burst into tears, entreating pardon a thousand times ; but the instant that the good priest endeavoured to convince him of his delusion—whence arising he knew not—and caught him by the arm to allay his terror, his fury knew no bounds ; he dashed himself violently against the walls of the room, and screaming in a voice which made the windows vibrate, “ Tiburcius—

Hellione—they are alive—they love each other!" fell senseless on the floor.

D'Onis rushed to his assistance—all further care was superfluous—The elder branch of the House of Ganges, was extinct ¹.

¹ In the fifth volume of "*Causes Célèbres*," p. 149, the reader will find a most interesting history of the barbarities of the ancestors of this unhappy man, which were supposed to have entailed upon his family and himself the miseries by which they were oppressed and finally exterminated.

WIDDLEZIG.

So much has been said and read on the truism touching the turning of great events upon small ones, that it might seem, in the year 1838—(alas!—before this reaches the reader's eye, it will be 1839)—something like a work of supererogation to endeavour to bring any thing to light, which has for its avowed object a further illustration of a doctrine so universally received. But having, in a pursuit after light reading for leisure hours, discovered, some six weeks since, a work in eleven volumes (large quarto), written by a shamefully-neglected German author—the Baron Von Zlippzlopp—de-

voted to a new exemplification of the wonderful results of trifles, I could not resist the desire of bringing it in some shape before my readers.

Having in the course of a month, skimmed the surface of the work, it appeared to me that a literal translation, of Baron Zlippzlopp's eleven volumes would be somewhat too much for the generality of English readers; and although the liberality of our leading publishers (there *are* exceptions to all general rules) never was more remarkable than at the present moment, still it seemed doubtful whether even the princely munificence of Albemarle-street itself, could be justly exhibited towards so elaborated a history, turning, as it does, upon a subject which I—perhaps unjustly as regards the Baron—conceived might be *Pemmicaned* into a comparatively few pages. If, in consequence of my presumptuous endeavours to compress, I destroy the effect of his eleven substantial tomes, my only comfort is, that the Baron Zlippzlopp now rests under the floor of the church of St. Peter at Heidelberg, not likely to be disturbed by the noise of reviews or the explosion of magazines.

The history of Widdlezig—unquestionably true—is one which, I fear, must suffer much from the compression of which I speak; but it will suffer more from the necessary omission of the baron's reflections and considerations, comparisons and deductions, and all such other adjuncts to the main history. However, if the incidents which occur in the course of the narrative seem to come huddling on, helter-skelter, too rapidly, and without due and prudential well-regulated order, the reader must make allowances, from knowing that eleven volumes of philosophy and argument have been, for the especial service of this work, squeezed into scarcely more than twice as many pages.

I have taken one liberty with the author, which, considering he is in his grave, I have done with the greater security. His book is written in the first person, and Widdlezig's story is made a narrative—I have ventured to let Widdlezig speak for himself, and instead of trusting to Zlippzlopp's interpretation, allow him, as I find him capable of doing, to express his own feelings under all the curious circumstances

with which he was mixed up.—Henceforth then,
WIDDLEZIG LOQUITUR.

“So, my dear Baron Zlippzlopp, you are anxious to hear my history,” said I, to the dearest friend I ever had, and the soundest philosopher I ever knew.

“I am,” said Zlippzlopp.

“Well then——”

And after this, I shall omit all the questions and answers, (47,586 of which, with their answers, occupy four volumes and a half of the work,) and let Widdlezig’s narrative go on, as if he were publishing his memoirs, instead of conversing with his friend.

“It is a wise child that knows his own father,” said I (Widdlezig)—to know his mother is not quite so difficult an affair; but I knew neither father *nor* mother. My male parent, as I have since learned, was somewhere about seventy when he married my female parent, who was at that time twenty-two, and from what I can collect, particularly fond of hussars and poodles. After the honeymoon, when my respectable

father, whose appearance at the time of his third marriage (having had no issue by the two first), with my mother, reminded every body who saw him of the official description of a line-of-battle ship in an admiralty-list, pierced for eighty-two, but carrying seventy-four, chose to make a tour of Europe with his lady, partly to amuse *her*, and partly to avoid the remarks of his kind and considerate friends and neighbours.

They were accompanied by a Count Waggenheim, and a beautiful milk-white curly poodle—quite a love of a dog—to whom it appeared the young Baroness Widdlezig's affections were devoted; or if not exclusively devoted, divided only by the charming Waggenheim.

Well, of all the beauty of the tour, and all the odd adventures, and the way in which my poor dear father walked out at this place to see a view, or rode out at another place to see a friend, or how my young mother staid at home when my father was out, or how she went out when he staid at home, or how the poodle was washed and curled, or how the Count Waggenheim sang duets with the Baroness in the shade

in the summer, or took exercise in the cool of the autumn, or whatever it was, I, of course, recollect nothing, seeing that I was not born. But, at last, I *was* born ; and, although unconscious of the fact at the time myself, I have since heard, that however delighted my father might have been at such an acquisition, my mother, whose habits, tastes, prejudices, and principles had conduced to make her think that such a “pledge” (as a child is called) was a most inconvenient addition to the travelling party, considered me as something which would greatly interfere with the comforts of their journey after her recovery, and especially with the accommodation of her darling poodle, for which, as we have seen, she had the greatest regard.

Now it so happened, that in the town where my dear parent’s confinement—quite unexpected by my father, for they had not been married more than seven months—took place, a certain Mr. Von Doddle, a most worthy and exemplary protestant clergyman, with a very charming wife, was established. Mr. Von Doddle christened me, and my mother was charmed with Mr. Von

Doddle ; and so, after numerous discussions with two physicians, the Von Doddles, and Count Waggenheim, my mother, balancing in her mind the danger of moving so young an infant as myself on a tour, in the absence of any nurse whom she could trust, or of accommodation for her, if such a person could be found—the inconvenience of having so young a child in the carriage, and the difficulty of finding a place for the poodle, who could not bear the variations of the weather outside, in case the child were brought in, induced my affectionate mother to leave me in charge of the Von Doddles.

All this is of course traditionary, as far as I am concerned—I knew nothing of it. I felt no pang at parting with my parents, and as I was not conscious of their presence then, so never did I see them afterwards, although my father and mother lived many years after I was born,—when the poodle died, I never exactly ascertained—of Count Waggenheim I knew more afterwards.

The Von Doddles were good, kind people, and as I grew up I loved the Von Doddles, and whatever allowance they had for educating me,

I am sure they behaved liberally to me, but I never was sent for home. My mother, although she knew I was *hers*, did not want a growing boy to make her look an old mother ; and my father, from something that occurred after his return with Count Waggenheim, did not feel so much paternal affection as he might perhaps have entertained for me, if he had not been blessed with two or three kind friends who hinted to him the advantage he might derive, and the increase he might secure to his domestic happiness, if he would but just watch under such a window on such a night, or wait in such a passage on some other night, or burst into his lady's chamber at such an hour, or break open her writing-desk or dressing-case at some other hour. So, between my papa and my mamma, I was left pursuing my education at Mr. Von Doddle's till I was hard upon fourteen years of age.

For seven years before this period I recollect how kind and indulgent the good Von Doddle was to me. He never troubled me to learn any thing—never scolded me—never beat me—never

saw wrong in the thing I did. He knew I must in time become Baron Widdlezig, and therefore he treated me with all due tenderness; and the Von Doddles had a little daughter about my own age, with black eyes, and black curly hair, and pretty feet and ankles, and such rosy lips! and Von Doddle and his wife were delighted to see us play about together; and Von Doddle used to look at Mrs. Von Doddle and say, "I should not wonder, eh?"—And Mrs. Von Doddle would look at Mr. Von Doddle and say, "Nonsense, dear,"—by which, and from putting one little thing and another together, I have since made up my mind that they thought Bertha Von Doddle would some day become Baroness Widdlezig. I know I loved her *then*, better than any thing in all the world beside.

Every month letters came from my father or my mother saying, that the next week I was to be fetched home; but I believe the longer my legs grew, the less my young mother wanted to see me at our house; for I must, when I was fourteen, have been taller than herself, and as she detested my person when I was a baby, it

was by no means likely that she would approve of it at a later period ; so I went on not caring, and every day growing fonder of Bertha, who was so quick, and so clever, and taught me all sorts of things in natural history, which set me agog to become a practical zoologist ; and I used to hunt after specimens for her little museum for hours, too happy if I could bring home any thing which would obtain from her one of her sweet smiles.

At last came *the* letter—I *was* to be sent for the next week—taken to the home of my father, and duly received at the castle of Widdlezig—and, oh ! what a day it was to me ! Wholly estranged from my parents by conduct which I was quite old enough to think extremely unnatural, and devoted to Bertha.—Oh ! Bertha was so pretty, such a sweet little figure ! I could not help crying bitterly when I heard the summons read which was in seven days to tear me from my dear play-fellow—it had just grown to something more than *that*—I loved Bertha—and I know,—*why* I never will tell,—but I know that dear Bertha loved *me*.

All preparations were made for my departure. Von Doddle was exceedingly out of spirits—he had *his* views. Mrs. Von Doddle did not like to part with me, good kind woman, and Bertha did nothing but cry, bless her little kind affectionate heart—I could not bear to see it beat, which I did, as her bosom heaved up and down under the tucker she had recently taken to wear.

It seemed perhaps unnatural to shrink from going to my home—but I was in fact going *from* my home. Cast off in favour of a poodle dog, I had been left for nearly fourteen years, until my poor father—I mean the venerable husband of my beautiful mother—*had* reached an age when his eyes could scarcely have been gladdened by my appearance, even supposing they had not been opened several years before, and I own that the bitterest pang I had ever yet felt, was that which was occasioned by the certainty that I was to quit the Von Doddles in four or five days.

The morning after the arrival of the fatal mandate, as I could not sleep at night, I was

up early in hopes of meeting Bertha ; but she, poor girl, had cried herself, as her maid told me, into a regular fever, and could not leave her little bed. I did not know what to do : I did not know by what means I could best show her my anxiety to please her. I ate my breakfast with Von Doddle—his wife did not breakfast with us ; and after an affecting dialogue with him, he went to do duty in his church, and I sauntered out in a state of abstraction.

All at once I saw flying just before me one of those beautiful butterflies which the unlearned entomologist calls the “Emperor.” It was the very thing dear Bertha wanted for her little museum. I delighted in the pursuit to catch it for her—it diverted my mind while it excited my feelings, and between boyish emulation and something very like the desire to please a being I loved, I resolved to hunt him down. Away he went—so did I. I had no trap but my hat, and my great fear was, although many opportunities occurred, that by a premature or hasty *coup* I might destroy his beauties in the capture.

Fluttering through the air went the gaudy

creature. I stole behind it,—but whether it *were* fate, or whether the mere instinct of the insect, I do not know; the faster I pursued, the faster it flew; till at length, fatigued, irritated, and excited by fifty feelings,—forty, at least, of which were new to my heart—I swore, as roundly as a boy of fourteen dare swear, that Bertha should have the butterfly, if I died for it. Whether butterflies are in the habit of swearing, I do not pretend to surmise, but certainly the “Emperor,” seemed as desperately resolved to thwart *me* as I was to catch *him*. I am sure I followed him four good miles, and that in the direction from Von Doddle’s house in which we never took exercise, inasmuch as the hills behind were skirted by a thick forest and underwood, which were said to be the resort of banditti by whom all the neighbouring villages and passing travellers were constantly plundered, and from which, indeed, the inhabitants were warned by the police of the district.

What cared I for this? it would make my adventure the more romantic—it would make

Bertha love me better. Oh ! that was *it*—?—I found out the object of my heart, precisely at the moment that I had my hat over the butterfly and slipped nearly up to my chin in a thick muddy bog.—Butterfly off as lively as ever !—

Under these circumstances I confess I roared out lustily ; not expecting that I should be heard, but merely as an effort to do something, as I felt myself “sadly sinking” into the quagmire. I thought of Bertha and the pastor, when all at once I felt myself grasped by what seemed the iron hand of a giant—for when one has been butterfly-hunting for a couple of hours a man seems gigantic—who dragging me out of the mire said, in a voice of thunder,

“What are you doing here, you young spy?”

“Spy !” said I, terrified almost to death by the appearance of my deliverer, who was a huge man with a savage-looking beard, wearing, moreover, two pistols in his belt,—“I have been hunting a butterfly, sir.”

“Very likely !” said the man. “A fellow with long legs like yours may be better employed than hunting butterflies.”

"It was an Emperor," said I earnestly.

"An Emperor!" said the fellow—"come, none of your nonsense. If it were the Pope himself who sent you as a spy upon us, you are not likely to go back to tell him what you have seen."

"I have seen nothing," said I.

"You have seen *me*," said the man; "so now come."

"But, sir," said I, "what will Mr. Von Doddle say?"

"D—n Mr. Von Doddle."

I had never heard Von Doddle so spoken of, before.

"He is one of the most active of the magistrates."

"He is a good man," said I, in hopes to conciliate my preserver.

"And I am a bad one," replied he; "so come."

Whether I had meditated a refusal or not, would have made but very little difference on the present occasion, for having given me the hospitable invitation to go somewhere—whither I knew not—he stuck two of his hard iron knuckles

into my shirt-collar and forced me to do his bidding—not without once or twice muttering strong imprecations against my excellent pastor.

Having proceeded through the thicket for about half an hour, the worthy gentleman who favoured me with his protection, brought me to an open space, some forty or fifty yards square, when applying a whistle to his mouth, and giving a blast which made even the distant hills reverberate, he seemed to wait for a responsive signal, which soon was heard, and in about ten minutes afterwards I was gratified with the sight of two other gentlemen, dressed in a somewhat similar costume to that worn by my preserver, on horseback, leading a third horse, which I naturally presumed to be intended for his special use.

“I have caught a young spy,” said *my* friend to his friends—“a likely lad for what we want.”

“A spy,” said one of the respectable party—
“why not shoot him?”

“He is a spy of Von Doddle’s, the magistrate,” said my friend.

“No spy, sir,” said I.

"Of Von Doddle's?" said the other. "Let's strangle him!"

"No!" said my preserver. "Recollect—we want him."

"Want him!" said one.

"Luigi," said my friend, putting his finger to his nose.

"Oh!" said one of the party.

"Ah!" said the other.

"Come," said *my* friend, "jump up behind me on this horse, and we will take you where you will be happy and comfortable if you behave well; with plenty to eat and drink, and be merry withal."

"But," said I, "I am a baron!—I—"

Whereupon they all three set up a loud shout; at the cessation of which, my preserver said,

"Yes --and hunt Emperors!"

At which the two other brutes, without knowing why or wherefore, or in what the joke originated, laughed like two great fools. I despised their stupidity infinitely more than I hated the other's malice.

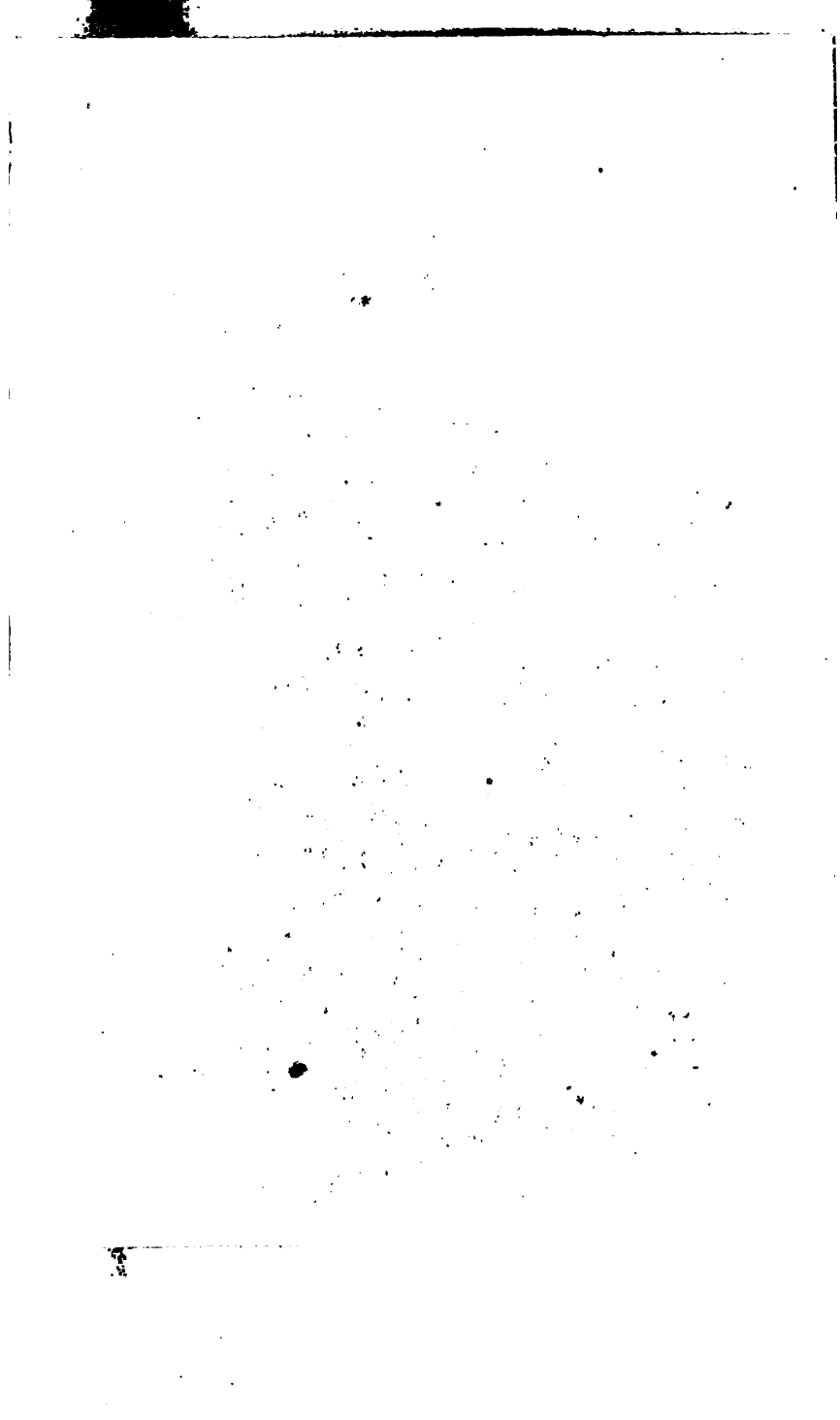
Having no power of resistance, I mounted the horse, and, after about three-quarters of an hour's progress, at a walking pace, through rides "else unexplored by mortal," we reached a tuft of trees, into which we plunged, and again found ourselves advancing into the thick part of the forest, when my friend, again applying his whistle to his mouth, gave out a low but lengthened sound. In less than half a minute it was answered, and we proceeded some thirty yards, when he bade me jump down. I did so ; and having dismounted, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and told me to fear nothing.

We walked forward. Two men, having taken charge of the three horses upon which we had travelled, and having thrust aside what appeared to me a heap of brambles, I discovered the head of a cave, into the passage of which my friend gently pushed me, and under almost paternal guidance I found myself at the entrance of a long vaulted room, which in an instant brought to my mind "Gil Blas," which Mrs. Von Doddle's maid had lent me to read two years before.

There it was—all the scene was realized—nine

or ten men were sitting round a table exceedingly well covered; one or two very pretty women, much bigger and older than Bertha, but not so handsome, were seated with them; some of the men were playing cards away from the rest; but there was plenty of every thing, and nothing could exceed the comfort which appeared to reign amongst them. The effect which the sudden transition from daylight to torchlight had upon me, was, I recollect, striking; and so was the joyousness of the scene. I had no doubt as to the company I had fallen among, but I began to doubt the accuracy of Von Duddle's taste, or the sincerity of his axioms, when I saw infinitely more gaiety, and revelry, and conviviality amongst the robbers against whom he was constantly warring, than I had ever beheld under his own roof.

I was introduced to the party as a new acquaintance, and extremely well received. The women were very good-natured indeed, and I was treated to nice bits of the dishes, for which I was extremely grateful, considering that my appetite was unmitigated. Sharpened by my



1. The first part of the paper
describes the general situation
of the country and the
state of the economy.
2. The second part of the paper
describes the state of the
economy and the state of the
country.

3. The third part of the paper
describes the state of the
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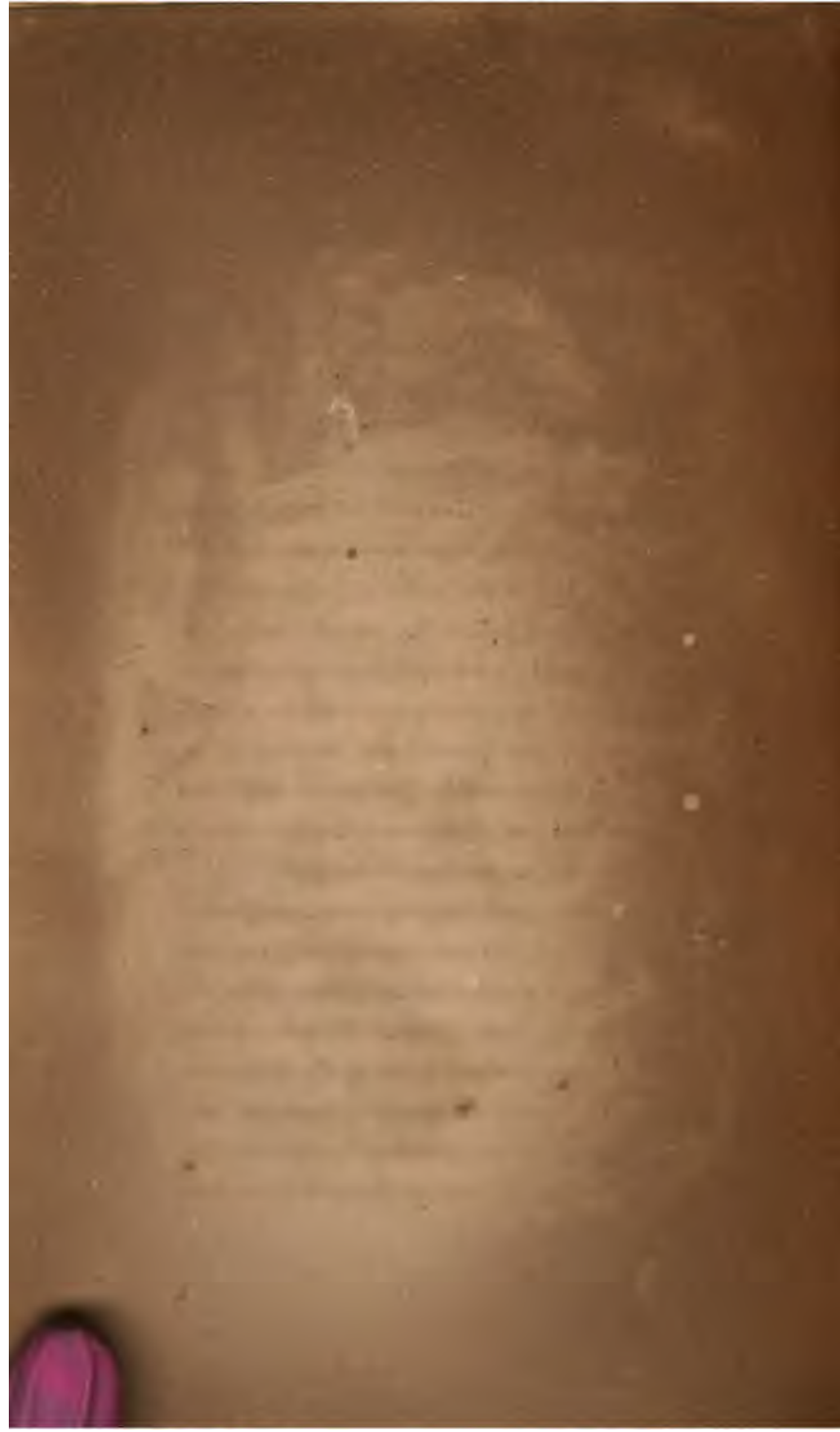
4. The fourth part of the paper

describes the state of the

country and the state of the
economy.

5. The fifth part of the paper
describes the state of the
country and the state of the
economy.





Emperor-hunt, and my subsequent adventures, it was quite in a condition to receive all that could be given; and moreover, on seeing the plight in which my lower garments were, from my accident in the mud, one of the fair ones volunteered to get me a change of clothing, which I put on gratefully. However, a few weeks afterwards, I ascertained that the drapery had belonged to a boy of the name of Luigi, who died about three days before my arrival; and whose name, repeated by my friend to the other two, in the wood, acted as a charm in my favour, as indicating in one word, that I was destined to succeed to his duties and drudgeries:—when I had made this discovery, I did not feel quite so grateful for the “fit” as perhaps I ought.

After eating, and drinking some much better wine than any I had ever tasted at Von Duddle's, I became sleepy, and exhibited signs of a desire to go to bed. One of the ladies undertook the office of showing me to my dormitory, and treated me with the greatest kindness. She was very good to me, and if it had not been for the recollection of Bertha, I could have been

very happy where I was ; for the novelty of the scene itself, was enough to please so young a mind as mine. "Tired nature," however, gave me a sound sleep, except that now and then I found myself dreaming of my dear Bertha Von Doddle.

Little, however, did I expect what was to happen to me the next day—and the next. Little did I comprehend that the kindness of the good young lady who put me to bed, was intended to conciliate my regards for the females of the "gang"—ay, that is the word—generally, with whom I was destined to live for the future. When I awoke, and got up, my specific duties were pointed out as successor to Luigi. I was to boil the kettle—turn the spit—scour the pots—keep the covers nice and tidy—and while the men were out pursuing their professed avocations, to take my share of work with my female fellow-servants. Ah ! Gil Blas again came into my mind ; but as I knew Gil Blas had been in a robber's cave, I did not venture to hint at my recollections to my fair companions, lest it might not be quite genteel to

assimilate the pursuits of the "present company," with those of the hero of Don Gusman Alfarache.

There can be no advantage in recapitulating the proceedings of seven months which I passed in this place, where one day was exactly "ditto" to the one preceding it. My hours of duty of sweeping, washing, roasting, eating, drinking, and sleeping went on ; until, so completely are we creatures of habit, especially when one finds that exchange is almost impossible, I began at last to think less of poor dear Bertha, and to think Helen—a great fine large woman—who, as I said before, was very good to me, a charming creature. But she paid no attention to my civilities, and the only she thing that seemed to care for me, was an old being who was rather pleased with me, and whom they called Bagga ; her real name being Sala Baga, a half black, and less than half human creature of some seventy years old.

Seven months, then, had I been in this place ; but without a hope—without a chance of escape—so I made the best of it, did all I was bid to

do, and not only obeyed my mistresses, but was joyous with the male guardians of the cave; for it should be remarked, that, whenever the main body of robbers was out, there were always two or three left at home as a reserve. Luckily, one day, the two guardians, finding the peace establishment dull, were pleased to dissipate, in a game of sequin hazard, and a bottle of the best wine the "Cave" afforded; the women—that is to say, the two effectives—had gone to the brook, either to bathe, or wash linen, with neither of which pursuits I had any thing to do, and Bagga was fast asleep.

I watched the gamblers with intense interest, until I found that they had begun to nod over their second bottle; and as they were playing for what is called love—which I soon found out in gaming means nothing—they, too, became equally somniferous with Old Bagga.

Did I lose a moment?—not I. The instant I saw the two dicers so perfectly *tête-à-tête* that their heads fell together over the table, either of them taking the other for the side of the cave, up I sprang, rushed along the passage, and

found myself clear of my prison—free—in the light—in the air! Not but I had been frequently taken by Old Bagga into a dell to which another part of the cave opened, and in which was the spring whence we got all our water. But, when I *did* get there, which way was I to turn to get out of the forest? I knew nothing about it, nor, as it turned out, did it much signify; for I had not consumed five minutes in considering what I should do, before the tramp of horses' feet induced me to take to my heels faster back into the cavern than I had even darted out of it. It was *my* friend and *his* friends returning from an expedition; and, as I calculated that my appearance above ground would induce them to be more severe with me when they got me below it, I hurried as quickly as I could to my old position, where I found both my friends, whom I had left relying upon each other for support, prostrate upon the ground, with the table upset between them; at which I was rather grieved, inasmuch as it struck me I might be blamed for not taking better care of the economy of the "*Salon*."

In came the gentlemen ; and the old history of littering down the horses, summoning the ladies, ordering something to eat and drink, and depositing or dividing into shares whatever might have been the spoils of the night, took place ; and again went on the same scene of revelry.

I was very young, but I wondered why they had not more ladies of the party. I thought to myself, if my black-eyed Bertha had been there I could have been as happy as the day was long—and the night too—but there seemed no love amongst these people, except at play—it was all riot and noise, and the affection of the two ladies for the twenty gentlemen seemed general, and very unlike the comfortable doveliness of Mr. and Mrs. Von Duddle.

Well, to cut the matter short ; in this cave, with this party, I remained two years and fourteen days. Bagga died—poor old thing—and, although I hated her while alive—she was the first human being I had ever seen a corpse—when I looked at her, stretched out stiff and pale, and saw those lips closed for ever, with

which she used to talk to me till I almost wished her dead, I would have given my right hand to hear one single word from them. The moment I beheld her helpless, motionless, unconscious—and, oh! so cold she was—I felt that I had behaved ill to her—that she *did* care for me, and *had been* kind to me.

We could make no coffin for her—the women sewed her up in her sheet, and she was laid in a hole, called a grave, which they dug in the dell. There was no prayer said over her—it would have been a mockery there. I confess I *did* cry throughout that night, although I was then sixteen years old and more.—Poor old Bagga!

It may seem strange to some, that a very young man should have been so deeply affected by the loss of a very old woman; but such, as I have already said, is the force of habit, that I positively pined after her; besides which, I was kept more strictly after I lost her. Whether the reserve who remained at home, had received any hint as to my attempted flight, or whether they fancied they saw a restlessness in my manner,

which had not previously exhibited itself, I know not ; all I *do* know is, that my tether was considerably shortened ; and, in fact, I became quite a close prisoner.

The longest day will have an end ; and, on the fifteenth morning of the third year of my inhuman inhumation, I was preparing an uncommonly nice mess for dinner (aided by Helen), a tempting olio of fowls, and onions, and sweet herbs, with all sorts of tempting sauces, when my ears were saluted by the sharp, twanging reports of five or six carbines, followed by a rush into the cave of eight or ten of the body, one of whom was bleeding at the breast ; a cry followed, and a heavy trap-door, which covered the entrance to the cave was lowered, by which, for the time, the inmates were saved.

“ We are betrayed, Helen,” said one of the party ; “ the thicket is surrounded by soldiers. We must try and escape by the dell. Seven are gone—dead—flat on their backs. There is no time to be lost—if they are not aware of the other opening, we may yet be spared.”

Helen, heroine as she was, let go the huge kettle, in filling which with savoury eatables she had been so assiduously employed, and rushed towards the other entrance of the cave; the other lady belonging to us was speedily alarmed, and also betook herself to flight. A sudden explosion of gunpowder followed this step, by which the heavy trap-door above was shivered to pieces; and, as I heard the footsteps of the invaders rapidly approach, I took advantage of my nimbleness and slimness, and leaping up over what served as a fireplace, jammed myself into the cranny, which, when the fire was lighted, did duty for a chimney.

It was not one moment too soon. The troops, in two minutes afterwards, occupied the cavern, and a rigorous search took place, but the survivors in the conflict above had escaped; some remarks upon the excellence of the *cuisine*, made as the officer of the party looked at the prepared dinner, led him to the hearth; and all I feared was, that, being tempted by its appearance and flavour, upon which I piqued myself, they would, perhaps, have lighted a fire for the purpose of

trying its merits—a circumstance which must inevitably have brought me out of my hiding-place.

They, however, were soldiers, and too deeply intent upon the strict performance of their duty to care for any thing else ; but my horror was by no means insignificant, when I heard the officer give directions for securing both entrances of the cave till the morning, when the legal authorities would repair to the spot, and make search for the vast accumulation of stolen property which it was supposed to contain.

The idea of being shut up in this dismal place by myself all night, only to be apprehended as a thief in the morning, was more than I could bear. Judge, therefore, my relief, when I heard the same officer order down all the men to the other end of the cave, where, he said, he apprehended some resistance, since, as they had defeated the robbers at the upper entrance, there could be no necessity for leaving any guard there.

I was too young to know much of military tactics, but it showed me, that the officer's

regard for his own personal security led him, upon this occasion, to take a somewhat injurious step in withdrawing all his men from the upper entrance—however, he did so—and it was not more than ten minutes after the last soldier had left the cavern by the dell side, that I quitted my hiding-place, and ran, for the second time since my confinement, up the strait passage, which led to the copse.

The first thing I saw was the body of *my* friend—my original patron in the society—with a terrible wound through the middle of his face. I recognised one or two others, but did not dare to look on death in such hideous shapes. I took to my heels as fast as I could, not knowing what I did, until I reached a tuft of trees, under which lay a heap of leaves, wherewith I covered myself, resolved to wait where I was until the military had taken their departure from the neighbourhood.

I was not wrong in my determination, for I had accidentally taken the very *route* which the soldiers were also to take on their return to the town where they were quartered, and which I

felt perfectly convinced was the town, of all others, that I desired to see, and where the dear Von Doddles were located ; but at my time of life, having been immured from the world for upwards of two years, I could not decide whether I ought or ought not to give myself up to the officer, and tell my own story—which latter I now see would have been the thing to do—and therefore lay *perdu* as they passed me, having in the midst of them five of my intimate friends, with their hands tied behind them, and Helen and her fair companion tied together.

It was not very long after this that I shook off the leaves, and followed, as I thought, the track through the forest by which the troops had left it. However, I certainly missed that particular path, and, bearing away more to the right, found the forest get less thick and dark, until, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a high-road. I looked round, but saw no object that I recognized. It was in a valley, and I could discern nothing which indicated to me the course I should pursue, and I determined, being, moreover, a little tired, to sit

myself down on a stone by the road-side, and wait until somebody should come by, of whom I might inquire the nearest way to my native town, and to the house of the dear Mr. and Mrs., and Miss—Von Doddle.

I waited—and watched—but it seemed a dull part of the country, and nobody came; until, at last, I saw approaching two caravans full of wild beasts and birds, driven by a huge black man in a pair of crimson short breeches, spangled theatrically, without stockings, and having a long brown great-coat over his gay costume; he being armed with a long whip, and walking by the side of his moving menagerie.

Whango Jang—for such I found to be his name—looked at me as he approached. I rose from the stone upon which I was seated, and asked him, in the most plaintive voice, if he could tell me the way to Mr. Von Doddle's.

“Von Doddle!” said the black. “What, the protestant clergyman?”

“Yes,” said I.

“Get upon this first cart, my boy,” said he,

“and I will set you down at his door before supper-time.”

“Thank you,” said I. “I promise you he will reward you for your trouble.”

The black man smiled, and showed his great white teeth. Up I got, and in less than five minutes began to think of Bertha, casting into the deep shade of a long perspective the cave and all its horrors, my protracted captivity, and every thing else ; never thinking to myself that, as I must have been accounted dead, Bertha might probably have got married. That never occurred to me—and on I went, watching every glade and every tuft of trees, in hopes of seeing amidst them the roof of my dear pastor, and almost parent’s house. But no !—on we went. The black man sang, and his beasts roared ; but the sun began to decline, and no Von Duddle. After a good long drag, we stopped at a very small and very bad inn ; but to me, unused to travelling, and young enough to care for nothing, it seemed snug, although the rooms were dark, and by no means delicately clean.

"When shall we reach home?" said I to the black man.

"Not to-night, I fear," said the black man to me. "One of my horses has fallen lame, and we shall be obliged to sleep here. To-morrow, you will be snug at Mr. Von Doddle's."

Now although I had passed one-seventh of my life in the society of the greatest villains on or under the earth, I myself was as innocent as Bertha in all worldly matters, and if I had had any suspicions that Whango Jang was playing me false, the lessons which my excellent pastor had taught me, that every black I might meet with in the world, was my friend and brother, would have set my suspicions to sleep—but I *had* no suspicion, for why *should* he deceive me! So when morning came I helped to clean the horses, (to which I had become pretty well accustomed), and get them harnessed all ready for a start. Start we did, and travel we did; we stopped on the road to feed the beasts, and after them—ourselves. We were again in motion; again "the shepherd (to use the words of Dr. Zlippzlopp) drove home his flock, again the reapers quitted

the golden field, again the shadows lengthened, again the glorious sun dipped his bright beams in the western sea." But no red-tiled roof appeared ; another hour passed, and the black man and the tiger, and the lion, and the porcupine, and the ostrich, and the monkeys, with myself to boot, had passed the Neapolitan frontier. In one hour more, and when Whango Jang thought himself secure, he changed his manner towards me, and instead of speaking humbly and encouragingly, said,

" Now, you young vagabond, I have got you safe, you may thank your lucky stars I did not give you up to justice. Look at your jacket—where did you get *that*, but in the cave of some banditti—eh ? Is it not so ? You are a young thief."

" No," said I, " I am no thief—I have been forced to live with thieves."

" Ha, ha, ha," said Whango, " I thought I was right—and how long did you live among them ?"

" Two years and fourteen days," said I innocently.

“ Well,” said Whango, “ now look you : by your own confession I have your life in my hands ; especially after the murder of the Vice-roy’s son by your particular friends ; at least if I may judge of the place where I picked you up ; but if you behave well, and do as I bid you, I shall say nothing about it. *My* boy who used to look after my tiger affronted him, last week, and the tiger killed him—I want just such a fellow as you to take his place.”

“ To be killed,” said I, “ to please the tiger !”

“ No,” said my sable patron, “ not so ; I will take care of the tiger myself, you must look after my ostrich—you need not be afraid of a bird ; are you content ? if not, I shall hand you over to the officers of justice.”

I did not like to affront the black man—I did not like to be handed over to the officers of justice, and I did not mind taking care of a bird, provided that I might, by patient suffering for a certain time, lull the suspicions of Whango, and so eventually get out of his clutches. I therefore professed my readiness to do his bidding, not altogether prepared for one

circumstance, which certainly did not transpire in the early part of the negotiation, namely, that I was to be locked up every night in company with my charge; a precaution, for which, as I have since found out, Whango Jang had a double reason. The one founded on the fear of my running away from him, and the other on the apprehension that if I went about, even without the intention of eloping, my story might get wind, and he become amenable to the laws for his abduction of me; so that while *he* was trembling lest I should quit him, *I* was trembling lest he should make good his charge against me of having voluntarily joined a band of robbers. To invalidate these statements I could by no possibility adduce a single witness. It will scarcely be believed that under the influence of our varied feelings, Whango Jang remained my master, and I little better than his slave, for more than a year and a half, in fact till I was just eighteen; during which period I had, in addition to the care of the ostrich, the occupation of stirring up the beasts with a long pole whenever we were in a town where they were exhibited. As for the

ostrich, it loved me, would run after me playfully, and at last Whango Jang having found that I could make it dance by dancing about before it, with the skirts of my jacket up, I had to perform that feat some twenty times every day.

We traversed the greater part of Germany, zig-zagging about, in order to make the tour more profitable, and I suppose, since as the proverb says "use is second nature," that I should have been to this moment a bird-keeper if I had not been, fortunately for myself, seized with a fit of zoological inquisitiveness which shortly put an end to my career in that line.

One day our porcupine died—and Whango, lamenting over his loss, was collecting its quills, of which he hoped to make something in the way of curiosity, when we fell into discourse as to the power which that animal has of darting those quills at an enemy, which Whango declared he had never seen it do ; and so from one thing we got talking of another, and when I was going to my den—literally—I said to myself, "I wonder whether the story of the ostrich being able to digest iron is fabulous too." Where-

upon, the opportunity being excitingly at hand, I resolved upon trying the experiment ; and accordingly, instead of its ordinary supper, I administered to my pet, the key of the kitchen door, which was hanging up close by, and two or three smooth-edged stones which I picked up in the yard. The bird, which was more than usually hungry, made no scruple of swallowing the whole collection, in addition to its ordinary food ; after which, I was, as usual, locked into my retreat, and in due time fell fast asleep.

It was with infinite satisfaction I found in the morning that the ostrich, although not so lively as heretofore, was looking well after its night's repast ; and so perfectly satisfied with it, that it declined its usual breakfast ; a circumstance which I intended to turn to account in getting into the good graces of my master, by announcing to him the great saving in provisions which my proficiency in natural history was likely to ensure him ; and when we began our move for the day, every minute seemed an hour, until I could open to him the valuable secret of my success.

About noon we arrived in a valley, formed by

the mountains of Hartzburg, when we called a halt, and Whango having drawn up the caravans under a large tree, we ate some cold meat and bread, and drank some very light wine, and then, being tired, he laid himself down to sleep, giving me strict orders to be watchful and wake him on the appearance of any travellers. Scarcely, however, had he settled himself comfortably when he was suddenly alarmed by the screams of his ostrich, and the flapping of its wings against the sides of the caravan. He jumped up, and opening the door of the cage, beheld the unhappy bird lying on its back in the greatest agony. It gave one last look at Whango and—died.

Never shall I forget the expression of Whango's countenance—a black man turning almost white with anger is a fearful sight. I presume my looks betrayed my feelings; for, seizing me by the collar, and anathematizing me in the coarsest terms, he insisted upon knowing what I had been doing to his treasure—his ostrich—his bird of birds, the like was nowhere to be found upon earth.

I shook myself out of his grasp, and falling on my knees, told him the whole truth as related to the experiment I had made. Whereupon he seized, what he called in his *menagerie*, the “taming whip,” and began to belabour me over the head and shoulders as if I had been a refractory tiger; the which correction, much as I might have deserved it, I could not stand: whereupon I made a start, and taking to my heels, ran as hard as I could from the scene of my mishap, perfectly assured that Whango Jang dare not run after me, and leave his beasts—for bird he now had none—by themselves, and equally satisfied that fifteen stone of sable mortality was not likely to come up with somewhat about half the weight of youthful elasticity. In vain did the big black man call to me—beckon to me—assure me I was forgiven—that nothing more should be said about the bird.—No, no; I had seen what his temper *could* be, I had felt the lash of his “taming whip,” and on I ran, leaving him, panting and blowing as he was, to pack up his dead ostrich and travel by himself.

I confess I was very sorry for the poor bird,

yet, nevertheless, the result of the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, as exhibiting the fallacy of a generally-received vulgar error.

In my present state, aware exactly that Whango could journey only on the high-roads, I struck off into a forest, which lay on my right hand; not without an instinctive apprehension of being clawed up by some new robber, who might consign me again to mother earth before my time. However, I proceeded cautiously, having now plenty of time upon my hands, in hopes, if I could, of penetrating the wood, and getting out upon some other road, which I surmised might be on the other side of it. But in the midst of my cogitations and projects, I was overtaken by a tremendous storm of rain and hail, which came pattering down amongst the leaves like small shot. Wind, flashes of lightning, accompanied with terrific claps of thunder, soon added their appalling influence in this attack of the elements, and by the same code of philosophy to which the ostrich was indebted for its death, having learned that nothing is more

dangerous than remaining under lofty trees during a thunder-storm, I was delighted to find myself at the edge of the wood, although I was absolutely saturated by the rain, which poured down in torrents. Judge what was my delight at seeing a small cottage on the wood's side, within fifty yards of me. I ran towards it as fast as I could, and found easy admittance, inasmuch as the door was open, and I observed a gentlemanly-looking man, in a shooting-jacket, with two dogs at his feet, assiduously shaking off the wet from his clothes and his hat; while an old woman, apparently by his direction, was kindling a fire, summer as it was, for the purpose of drying him.

The gentleman was evidently startled at my appearance, as a stranger in so wild and unfrequented a country; but seeing, I suppose, that I did not look very guilty or very wicked, he asked me what brought me there, in a tone which implied, as I thought, that he was disposed to be kind to me. So I told him the truth—that is as far as my natural experiment upon

the ostrich, and my escape from Whango Jang went, sinking of course, the history of the cave and the robbers.

As I anticipated, the gentleman behaved with the greatest good-nature; he gave me some brandy from the bottle which he carried, and finding that I was really ignorant of the locality into which I had fallen, told me if I chose to follow him to his house some three miles off, he would see what he could do for me. I was enraptured at his offer, and kissed his hand in token of my gratitude.

As we walked towards his residence, he never exchanged a syllable with me. He talked to his dogs, who jumped about him in playful acknowledgment of his attentions; nor did I feel myself much cheered during our progress, until I saw smoke issuing from three or four goodly chimneys, from amongst a clump of lofty trees. A few minutes more brought us to his gate. We entered the court-yard, where there were plenty of servants, and plenty more dogs. He spoke to his men, and encouraged his hounds, and then told me to follow him to his own room.

I did so, and entered a large, oak-panelled kind of parlour, ornamented with the horns of numerous stags, which had been killed during the last half-century. A very few books lay huddled together upon one small table, while on a larger one, near the middle of the room, was laid a cloth covered with all the preparations for a substantial meal, such as I had not seen for many months.

We were received exceedingly well by a lady, whom I afterwards discovered to be the house-keeper, and two boys of fifteen and sixteen, who struck me very much to resemble the said house-keeper's master. One helped him off with his wet boots, another brought him a comfortable loose woollen gown; his pipe was handed to him, and he threw himself upon a sofa, and smoked while the dinner was getting ready.

"Well," said the worthy gentleman to me, "come here. You have interested me about you; if what you have told me is true, I will see what I can do for you. I am the superintendent of the mines here. I may be of use—but your history must begin much earlier than

the period at which you joined the showman—what is your name !”

“My name, sir,” said I, “is Widdlezig, of Zizzlestein.”

“What !” cried mine host, dropping his pipe, and jumping from the sofa, “Widdlezig ! who ran away from the house of Mr. Von Doddle, in Naples ?”

“I am he !” said I, astonished to find any body who knew, and seemed so much interested about me, “but I did *not* run away.”

I cannot express the warmth of manner in which the superintendent seized me by the hand, and pressed it to his heart ; he seemed quite overcome ; he caught me to his heart, and almost sobbed aloud.

“This is most extraordinary—it seems incredible—are you indeed—the boy Widdlezig—can it be—tell me, my dear young man, what can have brought you hither so far from Italy ?”

Whereupon, having no duplicity in my nature, nor any reason for reserve, I related the whole of my history from the time of my capture by the robbers to the present day.

"Then," said the superintendent of the mines, "you must know that I was the most intimate friend of your revered father and your charming mother. I am the Count Waggenheim, of whom I dare say you have heard, while under the care of the exemplary Von Duddle. I travelled with your esteemed parents, and only four years ago, heard from your dear mother that you had ran away from that admirable man, and that in spite of all inquiries you had never been heard of."

This was indeed the Count Waggenheim, who nearly nineteen years before, shared the affections of my beautiful mother with her beautiful poodle, and who, after his return from that very tour, had been appointed to the office which he now held. A change of habit seemed to have suited him; for the duties of his vocation he had given up what is called the gay world, and associating with sportsmen and the miners themselves, had formed new connections and entered into pursuits which, as he advanced in years, seemed to agree with him admirably.

He had not married—but as I have just said he had a housekeeper called Caroline—a very

handsome woman, who it seems had attracted his attention by her misfortunes, and eventually induced him to take her and her two orphans—their father having died somewhere abroad—into his establishment; which orphans, as I remarked the moment I saw them, were by one of those odd coincidences which will sometimes occur, as like the Baron Waggenheim himself as possible.

All these explanations between me and the Baron were made before a most excellent dinner was put down on the table—when that was done, Caroline seated herself at the board, as was her usual custom, so did her orphans; but when she saw that the Baron took the greatest notice of me, placed me at his right hand, and helped me first to all the nice bits, she grew as I thought rather sulky and silent, nor was her temper at all sweetened by a remark of mine host, that he really thought he perceived a likeness between me and her two boys.

In the course of the evening we had a most interesting conversation. I found that my mother, whom I of course did not remember,

had been dead about eighteen months, having survived my father for more than ten years; that upon her death it appeared that my paternal estate was so deeply involved, that the relatives of both parties had relinquished all claim to it, and that I being supposed dead, the whole of the property had been sold for the benefit of the creditors. So there was an end of all my bright prospects—there, too, was an end of the hope I had always cherished of offering my hand to Bertha, who had my heart already in her keeping; and although delighted to have found an asylum, the happiness I should otherwise have felt was imbittered by the reflection that I dare not venture to make my feelings known to the amiable daughter of the respectable Von Duddle.

Well, I must be brief. The Baron declared himself my personal friend—Caroline, the house-keeper, began to scowl and thwart me in every possible way—the boys avoided me, and when the Baron gave me an appointment under him, and put me into possession of numerous books tending to enlighten me in the science of mineralogy, I could not but see that they were labour-

ing under the most signal and serious envy and jealousy ; nevertheless I studied hard and laboured much, and at the end of six months had attained a knowledge of my *métier* which delighted the Baron, gained me the respect of the workmen, and even astonished myself.

I began to feel happy—but still my happiness had the one alloy—where was Bertha ? when should I be rich enough to address her in the strain of a lover worthy of her hand ? Over and over again, did I sit down to write to her father, and as often drop the pen ;—why should I take advantage of any influence I might fancy I possessed over her, to draw her away from her happy, peaceful home, into the troubles of the world, rendered only comfortable to me by the benevolence of the Baron, who might be taken from it any day. What *then* should I have to trust to ? Even *now* I should, except for the trifling salary which I received from the Baron, be a beggar ! So I resolved to go on hoping in silence.

But I was not destined even to so much comfort as that. The malicious, malignant Caro-

line and her imps strengthened in their hatred and detestation of me exactly in proportion as the kindness of the baron increased. Until at last, one day, I was recounting at dinner a conversation which I had had with two of the miners, who assured me that one of the goblins—of whom there are crowds on the Hartz Mountains—had been into the mine the night before, and destroyed all that they had been doing for the three previous days. I said that I had laughed at the notion, and that the men were quite shocked at my impiety.

To my utter astonishment, Caroline, whose influence over the Baron was very great, burst into tears and left the room, followed by her hopeful orphans ; nor was I less surprised when the Baron himself, looking extremely grave, said that it was a serious thing to endeavour to combat the prejudices of the miners, and that a belief in the existence of those unearthly beings was so strongly impressed upon their minds, that to disregard them was looked upon as a proof of infidelity certain to be provocative of the most serious calamities.

I wondered—and should have remonstrated, but the woman returned, and announced that the miners were all assembled to declare that they could not venture into the mines while the unbelieving overseer remained ;—nay, added she, addressing the Baron, “already have the effects of this outrage been made manifest—your fleetest hunter is gone, although the stable-door was locked, and your favourite dog Carlo is dead.”

Imagining myself perfectly able to account for these disasters without the intervention of magic, and not believing that my most excellent friend the Baron could possibly lend himself to such absurdities, I started up to defend my conduct and deny, of course, the existence of such supernatural beings.

“Widdlezig,” said the Baron, with a gravity which, if it had not promised exceedingly disagreeable results would really have been too comical to endure, “you are in error, I tell you. It would be ruinous to endeavour to meddle with the prejudices of the worthy men who work in these mountains. They believe that a goblin has had dominion here, for nearly a thousand

years; nor can I," added he with a portentous shake of his head, "myself affect to disbelieve its existence. Hundreds of persons during that period have felt its influence. It is under the favour of these inexplicable beings our mines prosper; it is in the fear of these mysterious creatures that our miners work."

"Why," said I, laughingly, "do you mean to say that they believe in ghosts?"

"Say!" said the housekeeper, "Baron, Baron, this young man is an atheist—"

"Leave us," said the Baron to the housekeeper.—She went. "This," continued he, "is a very serious affair; between ourselves, I have no great faith in these goblins, but all these men have. It is clear you have wounded their feelings—you must go—I know them. Nothing but your dismissal will tranquillize them. I must announce your removal—stay here till I return."

This was a pretty affair!—Here was I, who had been confined for more than two years in a robber's cave for trying to catch a butterfly—horsewhipped by a black for a philosophical experiment on an ostrich—now to be turned adrift

out of house and home because I had the obstinacy not to believe in ghosts. "Well," said I, "what a world this is!"

I stayed of course as I was bidden. I listened; and after hearing a confused noise arising from the subdued murmuring of a number of persons, distinguished the sound of a single voice speaking somewhat authoritatively. When that had ceased, shouts rent the air, and the whole body of miners marched off, singing one of their popular songs, which never sounded so inharmonious to me as upon that particular occasion.

The Baron returned, and although visibly much affected, told me that, as he had foreseen, he had been obliged to promise the miners that I should be forthwith dismissed, and never again appear amongst them. "But," said he, "I tell you what I will do, I will give you a letter to an excellent friend of mine, no less a person than Prince Felderstein, whose territories, it is true, are not large, but whose spirit is noble, and whose liberality is unbounded—as far as his means permit. He is fond of the arts, and of science in all its branches, and encourages all sorts of accomplishments. I am sure, with the

qualities which you possess, you will make yourself acceptable to him ; and, considering the precarious state of your finances, you must contrive to gain his favour. I have suggested his giving you any suitable appointment in his household, and you must not be too proud to accept of it, let it be what it may. The total ruin of your family estate—small as it originally was—will fully justify your humility in the eyes of the world ; but here you must not stay.”

After this speech, which he delivered with great feeling and energy, he presented me with the amount of my last half-year’s pay in his service, and a letter to the Prince, advising me to be clear of the neighbourhood before the workmen were stirring, or he would not answer for the consequences. Accordingly I took an affectionate leave of him, and was quite astonished at his agitation when we parted.

In the morning I was off before breakfast, convinced, in my own mind, that the only goblin in the mines was the housekeeper—a conviction in which I was considerably strengthened, by seeing her, as I crossed the courtyard, grinning exultingly at one of the windows,

with one of her brutes of brats on either side of her.

I need hardly say that I lost no time in proceeding to the court of Prince Felderstein. I hired a horse to carry me to the inn in the capital of his principality (which was but fifteen miles square), and having been properly imbued with a sense of my own humble circumstances, carried all my wardrobe in a leathern portmantau fastened on the front of my saddle. Wonderful to relate, nothing happened to me of any importance on my way, and I arrived at my destination late in the second evening of my journey.

At that period of my life I had never seen a prince, not at least that I could recollect, and I was proportionably nervous; but as it was late when I reached the sign of the Goldenne Sonne, I resolved to have some supper, and sleep there, deferring my visit to the palace till the morning, nevertheless letting it be understood by the people of the house that I was an accredited visitor to the court.

I was exceedingly well treated and well served, had a capital bed, and the most assiduous attend-

ance, and heard the most unqualified praises of his Highness, who was pronounced to be the most admirable, generous, amiable, excellent prince in all Christendom ; which report greatly encouraged me in my proceedings.

Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, with my heart palpitating and my knees shaking, I repaired to the palace, which compared with the bettermost houses in Naples, still strong in my memory, did not strike me as awfully grand. I advanced to the entrance, where I was stopped ; and mentioning to an extremely civil soldier-like man that I had a letter for his Highness, he said something which I did not exactly understand, and bade me go through a doorway on the left, which led into a long passage, into which several other doors opened—at which of these doors I was to knock, or through which I was to go further, I knew not—so I stood still, looking very like a fool, until presently, a gaily dressed officer passed along the passage, who, seeing my embarrassment, inquired what I wanted. To him I explained that I came from Baron Waggenheim, and had a letter to the Prince.

To my great delight, he showed me into one of the rooms in which, I presume, it was at first intended I should wait, and, taking my letter from me, told me he should be back in a few minutes. There, of course, I was planted. I had nothing to do, but to stop till he returned—and wait I did. I heard the palace-clock chime and strike, and strike and chime, half-hour after half-hour and hour after hour. During this suspense, one or two persons belonging to the establishment opened the door of the room, and looked in; at last one entered it, and unlocked a sort of cupboard, and took out a book and went away—all of which proceedings I was vain enough to imagine had some sort of reference to my recommendation to his Highness, but I was mistaken; for, after waiting nearly four hours, a servant, in a splendid livery, made his appearance. He began to lay a cloth for dinner, evidently for three persons—this looked well—I felt that the Baron's letter had had its effect, and I was about to become an inmate of the palace at once. Here I was again in error; for, after the servant had taken the initiative

with regard to the cloth, and the forks, and the spoons, one of the persons, who, in the early part of my stay had looked into the room, re-entered, and asked me what it was I pleased to want.

At the moment, knowing very little of the world, and not a great deal of the language of the principality, I thought he meant to enquire what I should like for dinner ; but, as his manner seemed to negative any such civil invitation, I told him that I had brought a letter from Baron Waggenheim to his Highness, and that an officer of the court had taken it from me to the Prince.

“ His Highness has been out these two hours,” said the man, “ you can have no answer to-day ; and this room is wanted, for the dinner of the equerries in waiting.”

“ Then,” said I, feeling a little of my family blood mounting, “ when *can* I see the Prince ?”

“ See his Highness !” said the man, smiling. “ Upon my word, I don’t know ; but you had better come here to-morrow morning, or leave word where you are staying in town,”—town

sounded well,—there were in it but twenty-two houses besides the *Goldene Sonne*,—"and you will be sent for, when your presence is required."

I certainly had never been in a palace before, but it is quite impossible to describe the "tail-between-leggishness" which I felt as I retraced my steps along the passages, and had to cross the hall, where were porters, and pages, and guards, all of whom, as I felt it, seemed to be saying, or at least thinking to themselves, "who the deuce are *you*?"

When I got back to "mine inn," I resolved not to face the difficulty again; who the gentleman with the embroidery, who had taken my letter, might be, or what his functions, I knew not; no more did I know whether I should ever hear any more about it. I stayed at home all day—dined as before, and was well treated—slept as before, and rested well; but I began to despair of success in my courtly mission, when, on the third morning after breakfast, the very officer, whom I had seen, appeared in the front of the "*Goldene Sonne*," on a snorting, pawing

horse, followed by an orderly. He dismounted—I heard my name mentioned—I saw the melting devotion of my landlady to the embroidery, and was quite delighted when it was ushered into my little sitting-room.

The object of the visit was to invite me to an audience of his Highness before he went out for his accustomed ride. I had, of course, nothing to do but to obey the command, and accordingly proceeded to the palace at the appointed time; and, without any of the difficulties which had two days before impeded my progress, found myself, speedily after my arrival, in the presence.

I never was more delighted in my life than with the reception which his Highness gave me; instead of all the pride and formality that I had anticipated, I found the Prince graceful, gay, and infinitely less stiff in his manner than his menial who two days before had ordered me out of the equerries' dining-room. He spoke to me of the Baron, seemed perfectly acquainted with my family, and all the circumstances connected with it, and was graciously pleased to inform me that my mother's extravagance had completely ruined

my father, and that she had excited the greatest disgust after his death, by an affectation of grief and respect for his memory, when it was notorious to every body, that she had hated and ridiculed him during his life, and had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

His Highness, indeed, was so communicative that I felt my cheeks tingle—but *that* he did not see—he, however, told me, that I had arrived at a favourable moment, for he had an office in his household vacant, which he thought might be acceptable to me—the rangership of his Highness's parks. I was startled at the importance of the post, and was but too happy to accept it with gratitude. The Baron had, it appears, partly in earnest and partly, I presume, in jest, communicated to the Prince the fact of my having a great love for natural history, which passion, as his Highness's parks were famous for being stocked with the rarest animals of all countries and of all descriptions, would render the situation particularly agreeable to *me*, while my attainments and love of the pursuit might make me a valuable officer to his Highness.

His Highness having signified his pleasure upon this point, referred me to the comptroller of the household for all further particulars, and I bowed myself out. The comptroller followed me, and I went to his room, when I was made acquainted with the amount of my salary and the advantages of apartments in the palace, and a cover at one of the tables in the establishment. No sooner said than done—the keepers were sent for, and ordered to show me round the domain and explain the particular points to which my attention would necessarily be called. I fixed the next morning for the expedition, and trembled at the responsibility I had incurred.

When the morning came, I repaired to the palace, and found my subordinates in waiting. I inquired if there were a horse ready for me ; whereupon my subordinates smiled, as if such an animal were not absolutely necessary to my visitation, and so it turned out ; his Highness's park was not much more than a mile and a half in circumference, but it was beautifully kept, and as I had been previously told, adorned by numerous

curious animals, who consorted amicably together. I felt that I should take a pride in maintaining it in all its beauty, and thanked my stars that I had found such a retreat from the cares of the world; moreover, as time wore on, and I began to make friends with my companions at the palace, I found my position growing every day more and more agreeable.

His Highness very frequently would ride round the park, attended only by myself, and taking the Baron's hint, I had "read up" for my duty, and had already attained sufficient knowledge to please the Prince, and convince him that I knew something.

Of all the objects in his collection two beautiful Spanish sheep were his especial favourites—never did Prince more prize animals than those—the *Toison d'or* itself would scarcely have repaired their loss, and he never rode in the park without going to see them, and never left them without talking to them for half an hour, and talking of them for an hour afterwards. It was, of course, my great object to attend to the comfort of these Spaniards, and to see them

well tended and taken care of—and my assiduity, I had reason to know, was highly approved of; for at a grand birthday ball, when I had the honour to be present in my handsome uniform of office, and not looking as ill became a Widdlezig, his Highness presented me to the Countess Von Friedburg, who was a very great lady at court, and who deigned to bestow upon me a smile of gracious approbation. Encouraged by these flattering testimonials of royal consideration, my attentions to the animals outside were redoubled. The Spanish sheep had never before looked so well—the other animals thrived prodigiously, and I began to consider, as it was clear that I was fixed for life in my office, when I should have accumulated a sufficient sum to make my projected offer to Bertha.

But, mark !

One day I was going my rounds, seeing that all was right (and my duty had become a pleasure to me), when just by the side of a very pretty summer-house-kind of pavilion, and directly at the back of some thick shrubs, I perceived that a large hole had been made in the wall of the

park. It immediately struck me that it was the prelude to a robbery, and I started back with mingled surprise and delight, at having discovered the attempt. I instantly called as loud as I could, to one of the keepers whom I saw at a distance, in order to send for the stonemason to build it up, and so defeat the marauders, who no doubt had a design upon the Spanish sheep, or some other valuables ; but having ineffectually endeavoured to make the man hear, I was not a little surprised by seeing a little boy of what was called the town, jump through the hole, and touching his cap give me a note; having delivered which, he jumped back again, and was out of sight in a moment.

I opened the missive of course, and read,

“ If Mr. Widdlezig wishes to keep his office, he will leave the park-wall as it is.

“ A FRIEND.”

There was something striking and ominous in this brief appeal ; but, as it was probably part of the design of the sheep-stealers, I was re-

solved, although I obeyed the injunction it contained, to watch the approach of the marauders, well armed ; and if my suspicions were confirmed, make them pay a severe penalty for their intrusion.

Accordingly I armed myself with my rifle, and without saying a word to any human being, took up a position which commanded the aperture, and remained in the silence and darkness of the evening to see what would happen.

I had not been long there, before the first object that met my eyes, by the light of a bright rising moon, was the beautiful Countess Von Friedburg attended by her maid, who proceeded to the pretty Pavilion-like summer-house, which I had before described. The maid then went to the hole in the wall, and in three minutes after, a remarkably smart officer of hussars stepped through. He was attended by a servant, who, as far as I could see, amused himself while his master was enjoying a little rational conversation with the Countess in the summer-house, by flirting with the Soubrette.

Seeing this, I let down the cock of my rifle, and stole away towards the palace, resolved never to meddle with a hole in the wall again. "Those who have made it may mend it," said I, "I am deucedly obliged to my unknown friend who gave me the hint."

But such was the slippery state of my footing at court, and such the ill-fortune that seemed to pursue me, when I was taking the most prudential course, that I was baffled and beaten even here. I went to sleep—perhaps I dreamed of the Countess de Friedburg—but of whatever I *did* dream, I did *not* dream of an infernal wolf which had been prowling about the neighbourhood, and which on that very night, of all others, made his way through the aperture, walked into the park, and as the deuce would have it, met on his first *entrée* the two Spanish sheep, which were taking a quiet walk, just as if one had been a Countess and the other a Hussar. The result of which *rencontre* was, that the wolf, who probably had never tasted Spanish mutton before, made no bones of demolishing them both, and subsequently retiring through

the aforesaid hole in the wall without the least let or hindrance.

Oh ! such a storm as the morning produced—such a rage as the Prince was in, when the Spanish sheep were missing !—How could it have happened—what caused it—did a wolf come in, or did the sheep get out ? Alas ! there was evidence enough on the spot where the sanguinary deed was done to prove the fact.

Summary proceedings were taken against me ; of course I dare not even hint at my reason for leaving the wall as I found it. I was charged with negligence, with carelessness, and with wilful misconduct, all in various ways, and amongst the most violent of my opponents was the Countess herself—this I thought hard ; but I have reason to think that I was not altogether unseen when I quitted my hiding-place.—She knew that I would suffer myself to be sacrificed, rather than betray her, and therefore she pressed the matter against me in order to get rid of a witness of her indiscretion. This added fuel to the flame which raged in the Prince's breast about his two diabolical Spanish sheep, and the

result was, that I was not only dismissed from my office, but actually sent to the prison of the principality.

What ticklish places courts are, and how little did I one week before, think what was going to happen to me !

It will scarcely be believed that I was confined in this prison, in a room about ten feet square, a bundle of straw for a bed, one chair without a back, and a three-legged table (one leg absent without leave), being all its furniture, for three weeks ; at the end of which period it happening to be the anniversary of the Prince's birth I was discharged, at the intercession I was told, of the Countess Von Friedburg, on condition that I quitted in three days his Highness's territory, which I could have walked across, in as many hours. This last mark of his Highness's lenity was extremely gratifying, and I did not stop to avail myself of his gracious permission to remove from them, one hour after I was liberated.

What was to be done !—I was again upon the world—my only friend was the Baron Waggen-

heim—Him I had offended by my disbelief in ghosts and goblins ; or rather his miners. Well, but surely, thought I, if I do not presume to meddle with the mines, or even show myself to the workmen, I may go to the house—to the house of one who has behaved so kindly, so generously, so liberally to me, and explain to *him* the cause of the total failure of all his kind exertions in my behalf. Besides, if it be necessary to believe in ghosts, I have no particular objection to become credulous to a sufficient extent to secure me his protection and support.

Accordingly I resolved to return to the Baron ; he could but send me away again ; and so, having now every reason for husbanding my resources, (I mean what money I had in hand,) I resolved to walk back, and having disposed of my trunk and other superfluities, I packed into a kind of small wallet the change of linen that I might require on my journey, and accordingly started from the Principality as poor as when I entered it.

I journeyed for four days on my return, and when I again approached the house of my kind

but superstitious friend, I felt I can scarcely explain how ; my sensations towards the Baron I could hardly define, but as I drew nearer and nearer to the domain, a thousand thoughts flashed into my mind, and all that the Prince, in the plenitude of his gracious condescension, had told me about my poor mother came full into my memory.

In thoughts naturally arising from such interesting subjects I was deeply involved, and scarcely knew which path I was taking, when I suddenly heard a cry of distress in the thicket on my right hand ; I did not know what it might be, but I knew I was a child of fortune, and that every turn of my life turned upon some sudden impulse ; so armed with nothing but the stick which served me as a support during my pedestrian tour, I dashed in amongst the underwood, and scrambling into an open space, which was near the centre of the copse, beheld the Baron Waggenheim on the ground, weltering in his blood ; while two assassins, armed with rifles and a dagger each, were on the point of achieving his murder.

I lost not an instant in flying upon them with my stick, and immediately disarmed the bigger one of the two, who took to his heels and fled as fast as he could ; the other showed fight, and levelled his piece at me, but I struck it upwards, and by still greater good fortune it missed fire, whereupon he followed the example of his companion. The reader may perhaps anticipate who the villains were. They were the two sons of the wretched woman who had driven me away, instigated by their mother to destroy the Baron, who had begun to evince his disgust at her conduct, and had consequently excited in her bosom the most implacable hatred.

Having driven off the miscreants I returned to the unfortunate Waggenheim, who was desperately wounded. He knew me, and said, raising himself with difficulty from the ground, " You have saved my life ;—I never ceased repenting the day, on which, at the instigation of others, I drove you from me ; but I am happy, for I see you again before I die."

I found that no time was to be lost. I lifted the Baron on my shoulders, and with great effort

and exertion got him to the house, where I had him laid on his bed ; Caroline being suffused in tears and exceedingly hysterical. I, however, under all the circumstances, took the liberty to order her to be shut up in one of the cellars ; being quite conscious that the unfortunate orphans would not have been engaged in their murderous business without her privy and concurrence.

I then sent off one of the servants for a surgeon, and gave the alarm to a body of dependents about the place, to search for the assassins, who to my great pleasure were so exceedingly silly or infatuated as to attempt to regain the house unobserved : this pleasure was greatly enhanced by seeing them soon after marched into the court-yard pinioned. I do not mean to describe the feelings I enjoyed when I beheld them kicked, cuffed, and spit upon by all the servants who had flocked to see them. The ungrateful wretches confessed that they were set on, by their mother, who, tired out by the length of the Baron's life, had secured a vast sum in gold and other valuables in a chest, with

which, the moment the master of the house could be got rid of, she intended to return to her native town.

In the sequel, Caroline was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, as were the young gentlemen, in different jails, the Baron himself having for natural reasons, interceded to save their lives.

The poor Baron, in spite of every exertion, sank rapidly. The active surgeon and the pious clergyman were unremitting in their attentions ; but all the efforts of the faculty were vain, and about eleven o'clock at night, the Baron, rallying his spirits a little, desired that I might be left alone with him—his wishes were of course obeyed.

I sat myself on the side of his bed ; when, laying his hand on mine, he said,

“ I cannot—must not quit this world, without opening my mind to you, since it has pleased Providence to place you here—if repentance can avail me at this moment, I do repent—but—the husband of your mother—you will anticipate me—I was young—thoughtless—as was

she—all his seeming friends deceived him—forgive me—YOU ARE MY SON ! ”

I threw myself into his arms, and felt myself pressed to his bosom—we both wept—bitterly. Soon after this trying scene he sent for a lawyer, and by his will declared me inheritor of all his estates and property.

It was the last act of his life. And when the morning dawned, I found myself the possessor of all his extensive estates, and a large sum of money in the bargain.

Having paid every attention and respect to my poor yet erring parent's memory, and attended his funeral, which was conducted in a suitable manner, I resolved upon instantly putting into execution the often thought of, and as often defeated design of writing to my old friend Von Doddle, and proposing myself for the gentle Bertha, without whom I was convinced I never could be happy ; and accordingly sat down and poured forth my sentiments regarding her in the most ardent language, imploring her hand, and announcing my determination to go to Naples to receive it, the moment my offer should be ac-

cepted. Little did I then think that events had occurred to render such a proceeding on my part useless.

How rendered useless soon shall be imparted ; but never shall I be able to impart my feelings of astonishment when, as I was crossing the hall of my Chateau for the very purpose of sealing and despatching my missive, I beheld at the door three persons, whose sudden and unexpected appearance there, for the instant, served as a practical reproach to me for having formerly professed a disbelief in ghosts and spectres. I started back—rubbed my eyes—looked again—and saw before me, alive and well, my exemplary tutor, Mr. Von Doddle himself, and at his side the beautiful blushing Bertha. In the third person, although much altered, I recognised Fritz, my late father's faithful servant, who used to be sent annually to see me, and bring me such small supplies from home as I might want.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene ; it seemed like magic—that at such a distance from home, and at such a moment as this, the people I most desired on earth to see, should be under

my own roof!—but it was truth—all plain truth.

The excellent Pastor described in the most affectionate terms the regret and despair which he had felt at my loss ; in which, added the good old man, “ this dear girl most cordially joined. Every measure was adopted, every course pursued, for your restoration to home, but—as I now know—in vain ; and when the honest Fritz arrived as usual to pay his annual visit, and found you gone, he resolved never to return without you, and so changed the service of your late parent for mine.”

“ And our dear friend —— ”

“ Ah ! ” interrupted my Tutor, “ my poor dear wife is gone to a better world ! Since her death, our house has not been the same place as it was before. Every hour—every object—reminded us of our privation ; and these circumstances, added to the persevering—I may say persecuting, attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman to Bertha, determined me to accept an invitation, of many years’ standing, to visit my brother, Joseph Von Doddle, who is, as you may remem-

ber, a wealthy and respectable magistrate, resident in Brunswick. With that purpose I took the resolution of selling off all my property in Naples, and, as you see, have undertaken this long journey. We have travelled by short stages; for so, as we were varying the scene, our object was answered. We stayed at Constance nearly a month; and having last night reached the inn in the valley here, to our astonishment we heard the history of the death of Baron Waggenheim, whom I so well remember; and the still more extraordinary account of your being here, and the successor to his property. That," added Von Duddle, giving his old head a significant shake, "is no more than it ought to be."

Fritz, who was standing behind his chair, drew his hand across his mouth, and made a kind of snuffling noise with his nose; and Bertha looked at me as affectionately as ever. I caught her hand—she did not draw it back—she had resisted and rejected the attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman—her heart was, perhaps, still mine.

"Excellent man," said I to the pastor, "you

have heard at your inn the details of what has occurred here. You find me in possession of fortune and estates. Now, to prove to you what was the chief object of my hopes and ambition under the great change in my circumstances and position, read that letter.

Saying which, I placed before him the epistle I had just finished, the contents of which are already known to the reader. I entered into a faltering conversation with Bertha, who had, in growing up, fully justified the expectations which her earlier beauty had excited ; but neither of us could talk. I of course knew, and she, I think, pretty well guessed, the contents of the paper. I watched the old man's countenance as he read it, and saw in its expression his delight at its purport. Having finished it, he said, nearly overcome by emotion,

" Bertha, my beloved, this letter, although addressed to *me*, concerns *you*—read it"—and here his eyes filled with tears ; " read it, my child, and answer it ;" and, throwing the letter towards his daughter, his head fell upon his hands, and he sobbed convulsively.

Bertha, trembling like a leaf, took up the paper—my eyes were riveted on *her*, when to my surprise, Fritz, who had been standing behind the pastor's chair, and taken the privilege of an old servant (half worn into a friend), by reading every syllable of it, started forward, and, grasping the fair hand of his mistress, threw himself upon his knees, and bursting into tears, said to her,

“ Miss Bertha, I know it all—I know what it's about—that noble young man wants to make you Baroness Widdlezig. Now—I know how you have talked of him, thought of him, praised him, and lamented him while absent—don't—don't be shy—don't go and break his heart.”

I confess I was a good deal startled by the homeliness of Fritz's earnest appeal in my behalf; but I knew how to appreciate his warmth and energy, although they might perhaps seem to break through the rules of decorum, and, moreover, substantiated the fact that he had been peeping. The abruptness, however, proved, neither ill-timed nor misplaced, for it afforded Bertha an opportunity of expressing her consent

to my proposal in the quickest and simplest manner.

"Good Fritz," said the dear creature, affecting composure and placidity, "do not agitate yourself—whatever my father wishes, *that* will I do."

I answered that I thought the acceptance was couched in rather cold terms—but it was an answer to a servant, and it *was* an acceptance.

"Then," said I, "I am the happiest of men." At these words I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and was delighted to perceive that Fritz, who was evidently a clever negociator, nudged Mr. Von Doddle by the sleeve, and led him out of the room to catch the fresh air, which his friendly servant seemed to think necessary for his recovery from his fit of agitation.

Bertha and I were left alone—and in ten minutes I discovered that I had been during my absence the sole object of her affections, and that other offers, besides the Neapolitan nobleman, had been rejected for my sake.

Things having arrived at this point, there was

but one more move to make ; and accordingly, having written to summon Mr. Von Doddle, of Brunswick, to be present at the ceremony, all due preparations were made for our marriage, which was celebrated in about three weeks after the arrival of my beautiful bride.

The whole Chateau assumed a new appearance. The miners themselves joined in our gaieties, and some of them confessed to me their entire belief, that although prejudice ran strongly in favour of goblins, they believed that the worst demon that ever existed there, was the housekeeper Caroline, who is, for all I know, to this moment beating hemp and picking oakum in one of the Houses of Correction, which are so much famed for their exceedingly wholesome dietary ; and all the other advantages most dear to the lovers of humanity.

Upon this history—which, however, I have been most unwillingly forced considerably to abridge—I mean as regards a number of minor incidents, all conducing to the same point—the erudite Dr. Zlippzlopp greatly relies for the soundness of his doctrine touching small things

and great. If Widdlezig's mother had not been devoted to her dog, Widdlezig would not have been left at Naples to be brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle ; if Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle had not had a daughter fond of zoology, Widdlezig would not, in his anxiety to please her and fill her little museum, have hunted the beautiful butterfly ; if he had not hunted the beautiful butterfly, he would not have been snapped up by the robbers and immured in a cave ; if, when he got out of the cave, he had followed his nose instead of sitting down upon a stone, he would not have fallen in with Whango Jang and the wild beasts ; if the tiger belonging to Whango Jang had not eaten up a little boy two days before, Whango Jang would not have wanted *him* ; if the Porcupine had not died, and the natural history of animals consequently become the subject of conversation between Widdlezig and the black man, Widdlezig would not have killed the Ostrich ; if Widdlezig had not killed the Ostrich, the black man never would have flogged Widdlezig ; if the black man had not flogged Widdlezig, he would not have run away from

him ; and if it had not thundered and lightened in the forest when he *did* run away from him, he would not have run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side. If he had not run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side, he would not have seen the Baron Waggenheim ; if he had not seen the Baron Waggenheim, he never would have seen his house, or been made an officer of the mines ; if he had never been made an officer of the mines, he never would have excited the jealousy of the Housekeeper Caroline and her two boys ; if he had never excited the jealousy of Caroline and her two boys, she never would have got him turned out of the mines ; if he never had been turned out of the mines, he never would have become Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein ; if he had never been Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein, the hole in the park-wall would have been mended, and the wolf would not have eaten up the Spanish sheep ; if the Spanish sheep had not been eaten up, Widdlezig would not have been sent to prison ; and if he had not been sent to prison, and liberated only on the Prince's birthday, he would not have thought

of returning to Waggenheim ; and if he had not thought of returning to Waggenheim, he would not have passed the thicket, in which the assassins were murdering the Baron, at the precise moment to save him. If he had not been there, at the precise moment to save him, he never would have known of his relationship to him ; and if he had never known of that relationship, he of course would never have succeeded to his property ; and if he had not succeeded to his property, he would not have been residing on it at the time when Von Doddle and his daughter were passing through the country towards Brunswick.

“ Hence,” said Dr. Zlippzlopp, “ we perceive that all the events here recorded of the life of Widdlezig, with many others (which, as I have already said, I have been compelled to omit), arose from nothing more nor less, than the affection of a fine lady for a poodle dog ; and only tend to establish the truth of the saying—‘ HOW MANY GREAT THINGS IN THIS WORLD TURN UPON LITTLE ONES.’ ”

A FRAGMENT OF MODERN HISTORY.

THE following narrative is true, in its minutest details—the two persons who sustain the most prominent characters in it, from an easily understood delicacy, decline to place themselves ostensibly before the public. The names of Marcel and Cassan are fictitious—the facts are scrupulously correct.

Every body knows that in the time of *the* French revolution, the Chateau of Maulevrier, once the residence of the great Colbert, was burned to the ground, and that the incendiaries danced madly and joyously round the fire which they had raised.

Near the scene of destruction, a young republican officer was seated under an old tree, contemplating, with folded arms, and tears in his eyes, the excesses which his soldiers were committing.

He was thus wretchedly looking at desolation and destruction, the dreadful results of political delusion, which he could neither check nor prevent, when a staff officer galloped up to him and delivered him a letter.

He broke the seal and read the contents—too easily alas!—by the light of the flames which were annihilating a mansion which a thousand associations ought to have rendered secure from the depredations of a sanguinary and deluded herd of incendiaries.

“Tell General Kleber,” said the Captain, “that in less than an hour my company shall be on the march, and that his instructions shall be punctually obeyed.”

The aide-de-camp galloped away again, and the young Captain having buckled on his sword, which lay by him on the grass, walked towards the crowd of revolutionists, who were performing

a sort of wild and savage saraband about the falling beams and timbers, which were cracking over their heads, and crackling under their feet, and gave orders to beat to arms.

The roll of the drum instantly collected the soldiers to the point; but they were drunk, and absorbed in that sort of fearful delight which we are told animated Nero, even unto fiddling, while Rome was burning. They reeled under the weight of their own muskets and the strength of the wine they had been gorged with, and were stumbling over the burning embers which lay about them; but the word "Forward," delivered in a firm voice, produced a general advance (intended for a march), "*haud passibus equis*," in the direction indicated by the Captain.

Whither they were going they knew not—this, militarily speaking, "signifies nothing;" suffice it to say, that they arrived at their place of destination at five o'clock in the morning.

They had sung, almost perpetually on the way, the "*Marseilloise*," probably to keep themselves in breath; they had sworn, blas-

phemed, cursed, and done a variety of things, equally laudable in the conduct of revolutionists, by means of which they had, to a considerable extent, overcome the effects of their intoxication. But in the midst of the difficulties which assailed them, from the intricacy of the roads which they were obliged to take, lest they suddenly should come upon the advanced posts of the royal army, the Captain spoke not ;—he marched on—watching, as it were, over a herd of debased men, whom his country had committed to his care.

The first word which passed his lips was “HALT !” and the troops were at that moment in front of one of those convenient and charming residences with which the groves of La Vendée were then so thickly studded. No wall defied admission ; it was surrounded by a simple hedge. Peace seemed to dwell in its confines—all was calm and quiet, as if the asperities of civil war had not yet reached it, and that its owner had nothing to fear from the frantic disturbers of public tranquillity, to whose assaults it might at any moment be obnoxious.

“Shall I beat to arms? citizen Marcel,” said the drummer, who was a few paces in advance of the captain.

“No,” said Marcel. “I have a special duty to perform. I go alone into *this* house.”

He passed the hedge, and knocking at the house-door violently, cried, “Open—in the name of the Republic—open the door!”

The demand was speedily answered, and an old female servant gave him entrance to the peaceful abode, and led him to a room, not merely comfortably, but luxuriously furnished.

“Citizen,” said the Captain, “General Stofflet and his staff have passed part of the night in this house. If they are yet here, in the name of the law I call upon you to give them up. If they are gone, I command you to tell me whither.”

The old woman turned pale—her lips quivered—her countenance wore an expression of mingled grief and surprise; but her tongue—which a woman can command, when she cannot control her looks—was still, and no word

of either wonderment or fear passed her lips.

"Sir," said she (*she* called him not citizen), "before Heaven I can swear that there is no human being in this house, except those who have a right to be here."

"Well," said the Captain, "to prevent worse things happening, let all persons now under this roof present themselves to me immediately."

The old woman went to make known and enforce the orders of the Captain, without betraying any emotion, leaving him to contemplate the delightful arrangements of the *salon* in which he was ensconced.

In about a quarter of an hour an elegant, handsome lady, of about one or two and forty years of age, accompanied by two beautiful young girls, made their appearance.

One word *par parenthèse* of Captain Marcel—he was a Parisian born—his father had been an obscure workman in one of the most obscure parts of the town, and the son followed the paternal trade; and there he would have re-

mained till the day of his death, in all probability, had not the revolution called forth his energies in a very different sphere.

He joined the revolutionists, young and enthusiastic as he was—his patriotism thirsted not for blood after having been excited by drink. Neither was he one of the sans-culottes, who anticipated nothing in the overthrow of a legitimate government and the establishment of a republic, but their own aggrandizement. Marcel was possessed of courage, single-mindedness, simplicity, and nobleness of character. The revolutionary excesses by which Paris was outraged

“grieved his heart.”

His disgust at the bloodshed and executions constantly in progress in the capital, led him to seek his fortunes in the field: he was a volunteer at Valmy—again at Fleurus—an order of the Convention sent him into La Vendée, whither he went full of grief for the calamities which were accumulating upon the people, but still encouraging the hope that he might, to the full extent of his limited power, lighten their sorrows,

and alleviate their miseries. This disposition and this character obtained for him the confidence of General Kleber, and hence the orders which carried him to the house at which we have just noticed his arrival.

The appearance of the lady and her two daughters, their countenances full of solicitude, and the dread which the sight of a military uniform in those days of terror inspired, affected him much. He was conscious of the feelings his appearance in their peaceful abode had excited—it was his anxiety to soothe them.

“Citizens,” said he, in a manner sufficiently respectful to reassure them, and dissipate their apprehensions; “I am merely fulfilling my prescribed duty as a soldier. It is stated that General Stofflet and his staff passed the last night in this neighbourhood—*your* house is pointed out as the only one in which he could have obtained shelter. I am gratified in its having fallen to *my* lot to investigate this matter, as I hope to be able as much as possible to moderate the rigour of the orders which I have received.”

"We are here alone," said the lady; "my daughters and myself. We live as retired as possible, and wholly apart from the tumults inseparable from a state of civil war. If you doubt my word—there can be no difficulty in searching my house."

Marcel's fine countenance in an instant expressed his repugnance to the idea that he was there in the capacity of a spy, or an agent of police. Madame de Souland saw, and appreciated that expression; her unwelcome visitor, however, contented himself with telling her that her statement was of itself sufficient.

"Perhaps," added he, "under the circumstances, I might venture to ask you to give a few hours' shelter and some refreshment to the men of my company, who are here with me—we have been marching all night, and they require a little rest."

"These rooms are at their service," replied the lady; "I will give directions that they shall be accommodated as comfortably as we can manage it. I presume," continued the lady, "there will be no objection to allowing my daughters and

myself to retire to our own apartments during their stay !”

Captain Marcel graciously indicated his accordance with her wishes, and in less than five minutes after their departure from the *salon*, it was filled by the hungry soldiers of the republic, who rushed into it pell-mell, and lost not a moment in seizing with unmitigated eagerness the abundance of cold meat and wine, which were served to them with an unsparing hand, until they had satisfied their appetites and thirst. One of them, who was universally believed to be a secret agent, commissioned by Carrier and some other representatives of the people, threw himself into a magnificent velvet armed-chair, and stretching his legs, cased as they were in dirty boots upon another, exclaimed, “This is all vastly agreeable, and rather fine into the bargain, and we have made ourselves uncommonly comfortable at the expense of these *ci-devants* ; but business must be looked to—the meat and the wine which are merely essential to life, don’t tell us any thing about Stofflet—your orders, Captain, are peremptory,—eh ?—

this suspected house is safe—It must not be left so—it must be burnt.”

“ My orders,” said Marcel, “ are strict enough ; but they refer to the finding Stofflet, and it is our duty to sacrifice every thing to get hold of him, and deliver him to the Republic ; but here are three innocent women living in this house—it is quite impossible that they should have answered me in the manner they did, if there were the slightest grounds for the General’s information. No—no, they have treated us well—we are all fresh and ready for a start, so let us get into marching order.”

“ No, Captain, no,” said the suspected agent, “ not just yet. Do *you* think, Captain, that all this fine breakfast with which we have been so *kindly* regaled, was got ready for a middle-aged lady and her two daughters ?—Somebody else was expected—and if these preparations do not open your eyes—look there—what do you think of *that*, Captain ?” Saying which, he tossed the said Captain, a letter written by the Abbé Bernier to Stofflet, which he had found lying open on one of the tables in the room ? “ Dated three

days since, Captain," added the fellow. "What does it say, Captain? that Madame de Souland—the aristocratic 'lady' up stairs would give it to Stofflet himself, the moment he reached her house; what do you think of *that*, I ask, Captain? why, that he *was* here last night, and that she *did* give it to him. Perhaps he saw from that window the flames of our last night's triumph, the destruction of the house of his former masters—they served him as a warning—he fled, and is yet before us. Comrades!—human feelings are not to be considered—the country's welfare is paramount to all. It is our duty to take care that the tyrant shall never again be able to take refuge in this asylum."

The republican soldiers, half-drunk as they were, too aptly comprehended the meaning of this heartless monster's words, and too quickly put his implied orders into execution—in two minutes they were dispersed throughout the whole house—some rushed into the upper rooms, others burst into the cellars—every part of the building was rummaged and ransacked. Oaths the most blasphemous—songs the most vulgar

and disgusting, were yelled within its walls. The wretched Madame de Souland and her trembling daughters heard the horrid sounds even in the remote rooms in which they had shut themselves up; above—below, tumult raged. The daughters who had already witnessed much of the horror of civil war, endeavoured to encourage their exemplary mother to bear up against the dreadful infliction.

“We shall soon be houseless,” said the elder one; “but in our wretchedness and exile, we shall have the happiness of knowing that the last act of our prosperous life was sheltering and saving one of the noblest supporters of the royal cause.” Madame de Souland clasped her children to her bosom, while tears streamed from her eyes.

All at once a yell was raised amongst the bloodhounds, and the cry of “Burn the house! Serve it as we served Maulevrier last night—smoke the fox from his hiding-place!” was universal.

In an instant they rushed from the building, and lighting torches made of the broom growing

round about it, set fire to it in various places, and having done so, withdrew in such order as to surround it so that no human being could escape from the blazing ruins before them.

The moment the flames curled round the walls, the wretched Madame de Souland rushed into the balcony over the door, her two daughters clinging senseless to her arms, screaming for help—for mercy.

“In the name of Heaven raise a ladder! not for *me*—not for *me*—but my poor children. Oh, save *them*!” cried the distracted lady, as in an agony of despair she lifted up one of her beloved girls to excite, if possible, the compassion of the incendiaries.

The agent of Carrier smiled.

“Captain,” said he, “I should like to have a shot at those royalists.”

“The man who fires at them, dies by my hand,” said Marcel, in an agony of despair and disgust.

At that moment two shots were heard, and in an instant two of the three victims in the balcony, which had just taken fire, lay drenched in blood.

Marcel rushed to the man of the people, who had done this deed, and crying out, "Miscreant! you have realized your dreadful intention—I fulfil mine." At which words, placing the barrel of his pistol close to the barbarian's head, he pulled the trigger, and the murderer was a corpse.

This was a desperate step—the coolness and firmness of Marcel, and the sight of the fallen monster, had their effect upon the soldiers—they gazed with astonishment, but murmured not.

"There *were* three," cried Marcel, "two only have been butchered. Citizens, they are women—help me to save the third."

An affirmative shout of willingness was the answer. The balcony was scaled—Marcel leading the party who joined him—he rushed past the bleeding bodies of the poor innocents who had fallen, into the midst of the house; the rafters glistened in the fitful breeze, and the beams crackled under his feet—amidst the dense smoke which still filled the more remote parts of the building, he forced his way—a dreadful crime had been committed, and Marcel had





The Surrender of Mifflin

A Fragment of Modern History.

sworn never to leave the burning ruins, unless the unhappy girl, now become an orphan, was the companion of his return. In vain he sought—he could find no trace of her; the flames were towering up; every moment added to the perils of his position. Still he flinched not, failed not, till at the very last instant of hope, at the end of a corridor, of which the flames had only just seized hold, he saw a female stretched upon the floor. At one bound, he reached the spot where she lay, she was senseless and cold as death, but she yet breathed: Marcel raised her up, and placing her in his arms, retraced his hurried steps along the burning floors till he again reached the balcony. His precious burden was happily unconscious of the work of horror going on. The flames were already devouring the blood-stained bodies of her mother and sister over which he had to tread while carrying her.

The ladder by which he had ascended, was steadied by the men below, and Marcel brought the rescued innocent safely to the ground. Then did his noble heart overflow—then did gratitude

take place of intrepidity, and tears fell from his eyes.

“ Let us, my friends,” said he to the soldiers, “ complete this act of expiation which has been so well begun—let us protect this helpless girl who now has nowhere else to look for protection.”

The appeal had its effect—the unfortunate creature was no longer an aristocrat—a royalist; she was an orphan, whose mother and sister had been killed—a countrywoman, whom their captain had rescued from death—the sentiment expressed by Marcel, was unanimously adopted.

The generous-hearted victim to political frenzy watched over his youthful charge with a fraternal solicitude, and suggested to his comrades the absolute necessity of removing her from the dreadful scene of her distress and bereavement before she recovered sufficiently to be aware of what had happened; expressing his opinion that the right course to pursue, would be to place her in security at the first farmhouse which they might reach—a proposition

only rendered questionable by the fact, that the active operations of the revolutionists in advance had left scarcely a farm-house standing in their line of march. It is true that the houses of the *ci-devant* nobility and gentry had been specially marked for destruction by the levellers, and the axe and the firebrand had amply fulfilled their duty; but when the bettermost dwellings were gone, the mad fury of popular desperation, which no argument can check, and no reasoning control, fell upon the farms and cottages. At Marcel's suggestion, a sort of litter was constructed, upon which the poor sufferer was gently borne along; nor was it for a considerable time that she evinced any symptom of returning consciousness. The moment at length arrived—the moment which Marcel, who had never quitted the side of the litter, so anxiously expected, and so deeply dreaded.

At that instant a confused recollection of all the horrors to which she had been exposed, flashed into her mind; she raised herself on the litter—she gazed about her—she found herself the prisoner of the men by whom she was sur-

rounded—she gave another wild look around; and hiding her face in her hands, one word only forced itself from her lips.

“Mother—mother!” cried she, in an agony of doubt and fear.

“Young lady,” said Marcel, “assure yourself that you are in perfect safety—compose yourself—be calm.”

“But where?” cried the unhappy girl; “where is my mother—where is my sister.—Oh! give them to me—bring them to me—why am I alone—whither are you taking me—why am I deserted—why unprotected?”

“You are neither,” said Marcel, in a soft and tender voice; “you have a protector near you who, from this day, will never desert you; who will ever be ready to sacrifice his life and fortunes for you—a friend whom sorrow and distress has raised up to you. I am that friend—do not tremble—you have nothing to fear.”

“But my mother! my sister!” repeated the distracted girl, scarcely conscious who it was to whom she was speaking.

“Alas!” said Marcel, “a heavy blow has

fallen upon you—your mother and sister are no more—your peaceful home exists no longer—you have been preserved by what is almost a miracle. I swore to save you, and I have done it. I have need of all my firmness to keep these men in order—for your own sake do not unnerve me by the sight of your unavailing grief—dry your tears—suppress your sighs—we have yet many difficulties to encounter—that we conquer them, depends upon your own resolution.”

Mademoiselle de Souland was very young, but yet aware of the wisdom of the Captain's advice. She struggled hard to conceal the agonies which she was suffering, but again burying her face in her hands, she implicitly yielded herself to the counsel and conduct of the stranger, who appeared to be so deeply interested in her fate.

The first place at which they arrived, in which he could hope to find any thing like a suitable asylum for his fair charge, was Chatillon-sur-Sevres, which had already been taken and retaken twice by the Vendéans, and the troops of the much-dreaded Westermann. Marcel looked

forward anxiously to reaching this point, inas-much as he had, some time before, been quar-tered in the house of a widow, one of its most respectable inhabitants.

He lost not a moment in confiding Made-moiselle de Souland to the care of this exemplary woman ; and having told her all that had hap-pened, succeeded in creating a warm feeling of sympathy in her heart for the young lady—not the less readily excited by the fact that the widow herself had suffered, sadly and deeply, during the civil war. Here the gallant Marcel left her—nor was it till Time developed to the poor young lady all the dreadful circumstances connected with the death of her mother and sister, that she could duly appreciate the noble conduct of her preserver and protector. Time, also, soothed and softened the sorrows of her heart, and the grief with which she continued for some months weighed down and oppressed, was not unfrequently chequered with feelings of solicitude concerning her gallant and disinter-ested preserver.

Constantly engaged in the various campaigns

in which "regenerated France" was perpetually engaged—ordered from one place to another—either to attack or defend—Marcel had no opportunity of seeing the orphan for many years; but she was never absent from his thoughts—the scene of devastation was constantly before his eyes. He contrasted in his mind the death-like paleness of the unhappy girl, as he bore her, at the peril of his life, amidst the crackling ruins of her home, with the graceful gentleness of manner, and sweetness of expression, which distinguished her when she so short a time before, had joined her mother in welcoming him to their roof. In point of fact, throughout all the eventful scenes of his active life, even in the breach, or the battle-field, the thoughts nearest his heart, and dearest in his memory, were those of Mademoiselle de Souland.

Time wore on, and the fortunes of war again brought Marcel into the neighbourhood of Châtillon; but he was no longer a captain—he had risen to the rank of brigadier, the reward of many meritorious services. The moment he had made the necessary disposition of his troops,

he hastened to the house of the widow—the asylum of his beloved. In that humble dwelling, in her simple mourning he found her, yet more lovely than he had ever fancied her, even in his brightest dreams. He approached her with mingled respect and tenderness; and tears filled her eyes as she extended her hand to welcome him.

“Ah!” said she, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, “how truly grateful I am for this visit! it was not until after we had parted that I was fully aware of the extent of my debt of gratitude to you for your noble conduct towards me, and your generous gallant efforts to save those who are gone; believe me, the recollection is engraved on my heart, and never will be obliterated.”

“Those events,” said Marcel, “are equally impressed upon *my* mind, and neither time nor space can efface them. In the dark hour of death and danger, I swore to be your protector—that oath is registered in Heaven! You see before you a brother, who desires only to know your wants and wishes, to supply the one and realize the other; all I ask is, that wherever

fate or fortune may lead or drive me, your thoughts may be with me ; confide to me your sorrows and your hopes, and if fate should deny me the happiness of sharing them, it will be the first object of my life to secure your comfort and tranquillity. The events of that one dreadful day have linked us to each other, inseparably."

Tears fell from the bright eyes of Made-moiselle de Souland, and Marcel if he wept not, felt as deeply as *she* did. She pledged herself to take no step in life without consulting him, and to keep him always acquainted with her circumstances and proceedings. He was delighted with her ready compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of vows and promises of friendship and esteem, forced himself away from her ; the impression being strong upon his mind that they should never meet again.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Marcel was ordered to join the army of Italy.

Time, as of course, still wore on, and neither the loyalist lady nor the republican soldier forgot their vows. Whenever an opportunity offered, they corresponded with each other. Those op-

portunities, however, grew more rare as the war advanced.

When order was restored, and tranquillity re-established in La Vendée, the orphan daughter of the murdered Madame de Souland was put into possession of her patrimonial estate ; the revolutionary government not having the power to order its sale, inasmuch as she, the representative of her family, had not emigrated. Her suit, however, had been zealously pressed by Marcel, who had become one of the most distinguished officers in the army of Italy, possessing in an eminent degree the favour and confidence of the First Consul, who readily gave his consent to the restitution, which not only placed the young lady at her ease as to worldly circumstances, but promised peace and tranquillity for the rest of her life.

Marcel followed his odious and detestable chief from Italy to Egypt, and from Egypt to France. He was honoured, dignified, and decorated, but this elevation did not in the slightest degree weaken or change his feelings with regard to Mademoiselle de Souland.

His efforts to restore her to her property, with all his acknowledged nobleness of heart and generosity of character, might perhaps have been strengthened by a feeling of a tenderer nature than a mere sense of justice, and he might have looked forward at some future day to share the happiness which he had secured for her. Certain it is, that the greatest delight he enjoyed during his long and hard-fought campaigns, was derived from the perusal of her letters, expressive as they were of purity of heart and ingenuousness of mind. Their protracted separation seemed to have increased and even changed the character of his affection for the amiable orphan, and he resolved the moment that circumstances permitted it, to avow his love for her, and solicit her hand.

That moment arrived sooner than he expected, and after a disunion of eight years, he availed himself of a temporary cessation of hostilities, caused by a base and hollow treaty of peace entered into by the government of France with her enemies, to hasten to the object of his devotion and esteem.

He reached her residence—all was calm and lovely—no vestige of the old house remained—a new and picturesque villa occupied its site—no sign was *there* of death, or blood, with which the scene had from the fatal day, too well remembered, been associated in his mind. The trees were covered with blossoms—the birds sang sweetly—the air was redolent of perfume—all seemed gay and happy.

The moment the name of “General” Marcel was announced, the mistress of the house flew rather than ran, to greet and welcome him—she threw herself into his arms, and with an emotion to which sterner hearts than his are liable, he clasped her to his breast.

“I promised,” said he, when he could speak, “I promised to return to you, and here I am ; fortune has smiled on me, fate has been propitious—I have risen to the head of my profession—I am rich and prosperous—so am *I* changed ;—but as for *you*,—I am the same as I was when we parted at Chatillon, or as I was in the dreadful hour which we must endeavour to forget.”

"And truly worthy," said Mademoiselle de Souland, "are you of the honours you have acquired. Come—come—sit down in *my* house—the house which you have restored to me, and where your life was perilled to preserve mine.

The General placed himself by her side, and gazed with delight upon those beautiful features, to which maturity had given a sweeter and tenderer expression, as he thought, than they even possessed at an earlier period of her life; he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and drawing her closer to him, said,

"For eight years I have delighted myself with a bright vision of happiness.—You alone can realize it—my future comfort depends on *you*,—for those eight years I have loved you, dearly, devotedly."

"Oh, General?" said Mademoiselle de Souland, "do not deceive yourself—do not mistake an interest which the peculiarity of my circumstances may have awakened in your mind for any other sentiment."

"Assure yourself," said Marcel, "mine is Love—pure, ardent, honest, and sincere."

“Oh! do not, do not, say it,” sobbed the agitated girl; “let me love you as a sister, let me think of you as my kindest brother—as you *have* been and *are* my dearest friend—thanks to your interest and power I am rich; my family property is restored to me; but listen—hear me—a cousin of mine to whom I was engaged to be married, in the time of our prosperity, who fought, and who has bled in the cause of the loyalists, has returned from a long exile, a beggar—he comes to claim me. A few hours before my beloved mother’s death, she implored me to fulfil my pledge to him—*then*, little thinking how many years were to elapse before it would be possible for me to do so.—Her words still ring in my ear—can I break the promise I made to *her*—the vow I pledged to *him*?”

“No!” said Marcel, as firmly as he was able. His cheeks were pale, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes.

“Beloved woman!” said he, “be happy—to secure you that happiness was the object of my life—I *had* hoped to contribute to it—to share

it—that is over, let me remain your dearest friend.” Having said which his countenance assumed another expression, and with a forced gaiety he added,

“But, upon one condition; I must be presented to my rival—your marriage must take place immediately—let me at least have the satisfaction of giving you to him; let him receive the blessing, at the hand of the brother whom Providence has given you.”

The struggle was too much for the generous Marcel, and the tears which had filled his eyes, trickled down his manly cheek. Mademoiselle de Souland wept bitterly.

“Come, come,” said the General, “do not let us be childish; *my* sacrifice is made—sorrow for me is useless—for *you* there is none. Now, tell me where I can find the happy object of your affections—we must be friends, and *that* immediately.”

It is not to be supposed that this (heroic, it may be called) request was uncomplied with—Within two hours the distinguished General was at the door of the emigrant royalist.

“ Sir,” said he, as he entered the largest room of one of the smallest imaginable houses, “ I ought not, perhaps, to be entirely unknown to you ; I am General Marcel. Mademoiselle de Souland, whose life I saved in the midst of the horrors and bloodshed in which her mother and sister perished, and whom I love better than my life, tells me that you are betrothed to her ; with *me*, whatever she says is a command. Yes, sir ; even upon this important point, which utterly overthrows my hopes of future happiness and comfort. Here I am, for the purpose of entreating you to decide the question, which if left in suspense I am sure I should not have strength of mind to endure.”

“ Sir,” said the favoured lover, “ your history, so wonderfully and intimately connected with that of my cousin, has been long familiar to me—your noble frankness of manner demands a similar ingenuousness on *my* part. All her letters to you—all yours to her, since my return to France have been read by *me* ; she consulted me ; I advised her, I was charmed with the nobleness and disinterestedness of your affection

for her ; what has just occurred only proves the justice of my opinion of you."

" Well," said the General, " under these circumstances, you can have no wish to postpone your marriage—why was it delayed so long?"

" Because," said the lover, " till she had seen *you*, and told you all the circumstances, she did not feel herself at liberty to take so decisive a step without your consent ; will you, indeed, General," continued he, " add this blessing to the other benefits you have conferred upon her family?"

" I will," said Marcel, with great emotion ; " but it must be done quickly—I have made up my mind—come with me to her house—*my* sacrifice is made—but I cannot dwell upon it. Come—come—let it be to-day ; hear her consent, and I will stay to see it ratified."

They walked together to the house of the lady ; nothing remained to the completion of the happiness of the young couple, but the celebration of the ceremony. In less than a week, Marcel led Mademoiselle de Souland to the altar, not as a bridegroom but a brother. He bore it calmly and firmly—there seemed no struggle of

feelings in his mind until the pair were married—actually married.

“You will be happy,” said he, as the ceremony ended, his heart beating, and his eyes again wet with tears; “you *must* be happy—it is the dearest object of my hopes, the sincerest of my wishes—farewell! I have seen you established—I have seen you united to the man of your choice—adieu!—but sometimes think of the unfortunate Marcel.”

Monsieur and Madame Cassan, for Madame Cassan had Mademoiselle de Souland now become, clung round their noble benefactor. He embraced them affectionately, but the sight of their happiness he could not long have endured. He rejoined the army.

Eleven years passed after this noble sacrifice and painful separation. Eleven years of hard fighting. Marcel was every where in the thick of it,—from West to North—from Austerlitz to Saragossa—from Vienna to Moscow—his influence with the upstart usurper gradually increased, and he was named General of Division. The assumption of Imperial authority, by the

man who became what he was, by clambering over the ruins of royalty, produced for Marcel, besides his decorations, a title ; and the obscure workman, raised into notice at a period when the destruction of the nobility was the first object of the wretches with whom he was linked, became, under the Napoleon usurpation, Count Marcel ; during which eleven years such were the occupations of the ennobled mechanic, that very few letters passed between him and Madame Cassan ; those, however, which he did receive gave him great pleasure, as announcing the happiness of the wife, and the gratitude to *him*, of the husband.

All the glories of Count Marcel and his master, however, were destined to be dimmed, and extinguished, by Wellington, the invincible. The British army defeated and defeated over and over again all the array of troops, gallant and experienced as they were, which the *soi-disant* Emperor could bring to face them. What the French call the long unsullied purity of their land, was violated, and the tramp of the stranger was heard in its plains, its villages, and its cities.

All these reverses agitated Madame de Cassan only inasmuch as they might affect the Count Marcel. She had shuddered at the perils he had encountered amongst the snows of Russia, and in the inclemency of Beresina ; but she dreaded much more the effect likely to be produced upon his mind by the overthrow of the Emperor, by whom he had been honoured, elevated, and decorated, but in whose downfall *her* loyal heart could not fail to rejoice.

The Imperial throne, based on usurpation murder and injustice, fell ; but Count Marcel was one of those conscientious and consistent persons who boldly stuck by the wreck, even while the ship was sinking. He did not quit Fontainebleau, until no Emperor remained in France.

During the eleven years which had passed since the day on which General Marcel made the noble sacrifice which we have recorded, his character had undergone an extraordinary change. Love no longer occupied his heart—his friendship, his esteem, for Madame Cassan were as warm and intense as ever, but the current of his thoughts, the course of his ambition, were changed. He began to feel the ap-

proach of age—accelerated by the effects of the wounds he had received ; he became grave and thoughtful, and his mind adapted itself to pursuits not purely military ; in fact, his ambition was to become one of the leading men in the empire. His hopes were realized, and when his master fell, he was as highly placed as subject well could be.

When that fall occurred, and he unwillingly and tardily quitted Fontainebleau—all his greatness gone—his rank and titles lost, his thoughts reverted to the only two living beings in whom he had any interest. But what had happened ? The throne of France was filled by the rightful king whose restoration the nation had so long and so ardently desired—the head of that house, for which in sorrows and adversity they had suffered even unto the death, had been welcomed to his capital by the cheers and shouts of rejoicing millions, enraptured to be freed from the tyranny inherent in a *liberal* government. Marcel the great, (although fallen) Marcel, determined never to disturb the quietude and happiness of Madame Cassan and her husband,

and resolved neither to visit, nor write to her again.

The calm which followed the joyous restoration and return of the Bourbons, was, as every body knows, soon broken by military disaffection, and the escape of Buonaparte from his burlesque exile at Elba. It may easily be imagined that Count Marcel, favoured as he had been, by the Corsican chief, flew to welcome the arrival of his eagles again on the shores of France.

In the mean time, and before Buonaparte's escape—if it could be called an escape from a place in which he never was watched—Monsieur de Cassan, the husband of Marcel's love, had been sent for to Paris; and by an impulse of gratitude, not always felt by very great personages towards very small ones, had been rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone, and all the fidelity he had evinced, by a somewhat important office in the capital. Then came the hundred days—then came the glorious triumph of England, under Wellington, at Waterloo—then followed the surrender of General

Buonaparte and his consequent banishment—Then what happened to General Count Marcel, wounded and conquered like his master—who, however, one ought to say, was conquered without ever being wounded?—Count Marcel was suspected and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy, to the nature of which we need not here refer, but the effects of which France may long lament.

The moment that Madame de Cassan heard that her protector—he to whom she owed her life and fortune, was compromised, her heart told her how to act. Her husband was established in his responsible office in Paris, she was living in the country, engaged in the education of her children, regardless alike of the troubles or pleasures of the capital. But her dearest friend—the man to whom she was indebted for her existence, her competence, and her husband, was in danger. All thoughts—all considerations, gave way to her resolution to save him at all hazards. Quitting her tranquil home, and tearing herself away from her beloved family, she started for Paris. The moment her hus-

band saw her, he knew the motives of her hurried and lengthened journey.

“ General Marcel,” said he, “ is seriously implicated—you have come to rescue him—I will assist you ; but I tell you he is as deep in the plot as either Ney or Labédoyère. He has some bitter personal enemies in the present government. But I need not assure you that for your sake he may reckon at least upon one friend.”

Madame de Cassan could only reply to this generous speech of her husband, by pressing his hand ; her feelings for Marcel's safety were seriously aggravated by the intelligence which she had received of his position, and she resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to discover the object of her solicitude. This, however, was no easy task ; her applications to his ancient companions in arms, were coldly received ; her entreaties for advice how to act with the greatest probability of success, produced no replies : until at length, and when she had begun almost to despair of having the power to be useful to him, one of his late aides-de-camp, still devoted to his chief, and convinced by her earnestness and soli-

citude, of the sincerity and purity of Madame de Cassan's views and intentions, disclosed to her the name of the person, who, in spite of the vigilance and frequent visits of the police, had ventured to afford the fallen favourite an asylum for the last few weeks. It required great caution, as well as trouble, to find out his retreat; at length she succeeded.

The moment the Count beheld her, as she entered the door of the garret in which he was concealed, he started from the wretched couch on which he was sitting, and running to meet her, exclaimed with a countenance full of hope and joy,

"Fate cannot injure me now!—I care for nothing more—you have not abandoned me, and I am satisfied."

"Nay," said Madame de Cassan, "what have I done for *you*? I came not here through flames and peril—I have not rushed amidst death and danger to serve and save you as you did for me on that fatal night. I am here to endeavour to pay a debt of gratitude; are you willing to trust your life to the woman who owes her life to you?"

“Angel of goodness!” said the General, falling on his knees, “to you—to your care—to your zeal—to your judgment, I too gladly commit myself.”

“Then come with me,” said Madame de Cassan; “this moment come—another hour it will be too late—Fouché’s police are already aware of your hiding-place.”

“But whither am I to go!” said the General, astonished by the energy of his companion.

“To *my* house—to my husband’s house here in Paris,” replied she, “for a time; and then with us to the quiet scenes of your noble devotion, and to my interests; there you will be safe. Ney, Labédoyère, and the others, who have taken part in recent events, are awaiting the decrees of justice. I come to shield you from a culprit’s death—it is my duty—it is my right—you belong to me, for you are unfortunate; and I shall exercise my right for *your* preservation, as *you*, in other days, exerted yours for *mine*.”

Count Marcel, overcome by the unqualified avowal of his friend’s determination, implicitly

followed her ; her husband's carriage, which was waiting in an adjoining street, conveyed the anxious pair to his house. M. de Cassan received him warmly, embraced him, and under the shelter of his name, the credit of his office, and his unquestioned devotion to the House of Bourbon, protected his political opponent in perfect safety, until after passing a feverish life in the capital for some time, the opportunity arrived for his removal to La Vendée. Then shaded by M. de Cassan's white cockades, the conspirator of the 20th of March accompanied his intrepid protectress and her husband to the beautiful retreat, which she owed to his influence with the government now overthrown.

Within one hour of Madame de Cassan's visit to the place of Marcel's concealment, whence she forced him, Decazes was aware of its locality, it was visited, searched—one hour too late.

After all their cares and anxieties, the delight may easily be conceived with which they breathed the fresh air, and enjoyed the bright sunshine of nature, in scenes connected with a deep and

thrilling interest to all the party. Marcel by degrees recovered his serenity of mind, and in the character of a distant relation of the mistress of the house, who had returned to France upon the restoration of her legitimate kings, he remained a resident there until a new change took place in the government. His name was then included in the amnesty which was spontaneously granted by an act of royal goodness and clemency. But when the events of 1830 brought into power those who were rejected in 1815, Marcel (whose services Charles X. had accepted), refused all offers of employment which were made to him.

He still lives—advanced in years, but weighed down more, perhaps, by the effects of his numerous wounds, than by age alone. His time is passed chiefly amidst Madame de Cassan's growing family, in whose society his happiness consists; and often do these excellent friends think upon the events of their earlier lives, while contemplating the scenes in which at one period the revolutionary soldier saved the life of a royalist lady, and which at another, witnessed

a proscribed Buonapartist borne to the hospitable roof of a minister of the Bourbon government for shelter and protection. These thoughts bring tears into their eyes; but strange as the events may be, to which they thus recur, they serve to prove that there exists in this great and busy world something better and brighter even than glory—compassion for the unfortunate.

A STIR IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

It is generally supposed that selfishness—one of the most odious attributes of our nature—is overcome and annihilated by matrimony. Old maids and old bachelors seem generally obnoxious to the imputation of this vice, and their state of single unblestness is constantly imputed to the circumstance of their self-love predominating over their love for others ; not that the female portion of the unmarried, should labour under this stigma, inasmuch as they are, by custom and prejudice, prohibited from expressing their feelings towards the male portion, a privation to which the male portion are not subjected with regard to them.

The greatest hero of our time and country compares the different individual details of a

battle with those of a ball ; every man recollects with whom he himself danced, but as to the rest of the *mêlée* he can give no correct or accurate account, being too much occupied by his own personal service to spare any of his attention to the rest of the field. Many a time and oft have we seen, during the heat of action in the dansatory campaign, the longing eye and wistful countenance of the yet unasked maiden directed towards every thing that looked like a disengaged and asking man, in hopes that her turn might come ; and that, although plain and not very youthful, she might yet be afforded an opportunity of showing her *dear* young friends that she was not yet quite laid upon the shelf. The night passes away—nobody solicits her hand, and she returns home with her aunt, or mother, or chaperon, huddled up in the darkest corner of the carriage, vexed, dissatisfied, and dispirited, but perfectly qualified, from the involuntary tranquillity of her position, to furnish an irreproachably correct account of the evening's proceedings for any gazette in the world.

In life it is much the same—eyes are eloquent to be sure, and much may be said by signal, or told by telegraph ; but as, with all its modern improvements, society has not yet ordained that ladies are to propose to gentlemen, they are doomed and destined to wait until they are asked ; and therefore is it, we repeat, that *they* should not be blamed for remaining single, nor should their singleness be taken as a proof of selfishness. While on the other hand, unless want of fortune or health, or any other essential to matrimonial happiness can be pleaded in bar, the old bachelor who may “ask and have,” does incur, with something like justice, the charge from which we feel it due to the single ladies of a certain or uncertain age to vindicate them.

But sometimes—we trust rarely—selfishness exhibits itself in married life, and not matrimonially either ; because as one of the great operations of the mysteries of marriage is to make the husband and wife one, it necessarily follows—it sounds like a bull—that if one be selfish, they both should be selfish ; that is to say, jointly selfish in their double unity ; and in so

far as domestic felicity is concerned, the accordance of one half with the other half is most desirable as promotive of harmony and comfort. What has gone with the Siamese Twins we cannot, at present, pretend to say ; but as they must by this time be extremely respectable gentlemen as to age and standing in life, we can conceive nothing much more disagreeable to Mr. Chang wishing to sit down, than Mr. Ching's being exceedingly anxious to take a walk ; nor any thing less likely to be delightful than Mr. Ching's choosing to sing a convivial song while Mr. Chang is suffering under a dreadful head-ach. And yet it falls to our lot to know a family—no, not a family, for they have no children, but a pair of people who, selfish in the extreme, are not selfish in unison—they are both selfish, separately selfish, and carry their selfishness to a pitch far beyond the belief of the most credulous believer in human infirmities.

They live in the country, in a very pretty house, with a very well-arranged establishment ; they visit nobody—nobody visits them—the walls

which surround the kitchen garden are thickly set with broken glass—the palings of the shrubberies are studded with tenter-hooks—two fierce dogs range about the stable-yard, and steel traps and spring guns are set in the grounds every night. Against the gable end of the coach-house, which touches the road, a board is affixed, announcing that all persons begging will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, together with a long list of rewards, offered by the parish for the apprehension of offenders of every description, such as may be seen exhibited on the Surrey side of Richmond bridge, and in other parts adjacent, and which, from the obliteration of certain words (the effect of time and weather), reads thus,

For setting fire to a dwelling-house,	100%.	reward.
For Housebreaking,	100%.	reward.
For sheep stealing,	50%.	reward.

and so on; thereby holding out to the hasty or incautious reader a premium for the commission of crime, instead of a warning against its perpetration.

The name of this isolated couple was Munns, derived originally, as the clergyman of the parish imagined, from *menos*—his intercourse with the family was very limited. Mr. and Mrs. Munns were always ill when there was a charity sermon preached, and as to any little parochial subscriptions which might be proposed, Mr. Munns declined interfering, observing that Providence had given the country an admirable law for the maintenance of the poor; under the provisions of which, besides wholesome and regular diet, they were relieved from the worry of ever seeing or being pestered by their relations or friends, and, by the salutary regulations of their respective residences, relieved from the trouble of taking any unnecessary exercise.

With regard to their servants, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which they treated them; believing, strange to say, not only that they were exceedingly kind to them, but prodigiously popular with them. The gardener's daughter, Fanny Till, was desperately in love with the footman, Nokes—Fanny was noticed by Mrs. Munns because she found

her an excellent workwoman with her needle ; and Nokes was a favourite of his master—after *his* way—because he succeeded in worrying every body else. The marriage of the young couple was settled—had been settled—and agreed upon, but the moment Munns and Mrs. Munns, discovered that when they married, Mr. and Mrs. Nokes, and not only they, but Till *père*, the gardener himself, meant to quit them, they declared that if they married they should not have a shilling of the hundred pounds which, to insure the father's services, Mr. Munns had promised Fanny.

Flesh and blood could not bear this, and sundry indications of revolt had manifested themselves in the establishment, when a day full of incidents arrived—such as indeed might have tired the patience of Job ; which day, and which incidents, be it ours to describe.

It was on a fine Friday in June—all this sort of thing happens on Fridays—that Mr. and Mrs. Munns being seated at breakfast, Mr. Munns observed that there were no eggs on the table. Bell was rung—Nokes appeared—why were

there no eggs?—Nokes could not tell—would ask. He did so, and the answer was, that something very bad was the matter in the poultry-yard, and that eleven of the hens had died within the last three days.

“Send for Biggins this instant,” said Munns.

Biggins was the woman in charge of the department.

“Well, Biggins,” said Mr. Munns, when she made her appearance, her eyes red with crying, and her hands and limbs trembling, “what’s all this about my hens?”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said Biggins, “but—”

“Pardon—what has pardon to do with it?” said the master, “eleven of my hens dead in three days—psha—you must go.”

“But, sir, will you hear the reason?” said Biggins.

“Yes, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “hear what she has to say for herself.”

“I think, sir,” said Biggins, “they must have eaten something that disagreed with them—some herb—”

“Oh, that’s it,” said Munns, “and why the

deuce didn't you prevent their doing so—what else are you paid for?"

"I couldn't, sir," said the woman, bursting into tears. "I couldn't attend to them as I ought."

"Why not—eh?"

"You know, sir," said Biggins, "my poor husband and the two children have been very ill for the last fortnight."

"Well, what of that?"

"I could not leave them entirely, sir," said she.

"Oh," said Munns, "so because *your* husband and children are ill, I am to have no new-laid eggs for breakfast?"

"I can get some in the village, sir," said Biggins.

"A fortnight old, eh!" said Munns. "No, start off to the farmers, and any where, where they have got good laying hens, buy some, and take more care of them for the future—d'ye hear?"

"I don't think, sir," said Biggins, "I can leave the poor children long enough to do that, but—"

"Oh well, well, then," said Munns, "go along—go along—if *you* can't, we must get somebody who can."

The poor woman cast a look at her mistress, hoping to meet with a smile of consolation; but no, she turned from her scornfully, and away went Biggins.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Munns," said Munns, "it is all very well for you, ma'am, who think of nobody but yourself, to keep this sick man and his children about the premises. I don't like pulmonary complaints so near me—I have heard they are catching."

"So have I," said the lady, "but I take care never to go near *them*."

"They must go, Mrs. Munns," said the gentleman.

"So they shall, Mr. Munns," said the lady.

"Why, if the man dies here," continued the gentleman, "we shall have to burn the bed, and the furniture, and every thing he has been using."

"What, the new beds and bedsteads in the attics?" said the lady.

"To be sure," said Munns. "I don't know

much of medicine, but I have read somewhere in a book, which by the way I borrowed and never returned, that the asthma in men is like the glanders in horses, and you know when a horse dies of the glanders you burn all his harness and clothing, and fresh whitewash the stable."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Munns, "but that will cost us something. Oh, they must—go directly."

This humane and interesting dialogue was at this juncture interrupted by the arrival of the "village lawyer," who rejoiced in the name of Driver, and who was received by the lady with one of her least disagreeable smiles, and the somewhat commonplace remark that they had not seen him for an age.

"No, madam," said Driver, "I have been very much engaged."

"Ah," said Munns, "getting the title deeds ready for me—eh? I think I made a good bargain there, Mr. Driver—nothing like offering ready money to a man in distress."

"Why, no, sir," said Driver, "to tell you

truth, I have not been able to attend to them yet."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Munns, "that is extremely odd—to mind any other business than ours; really, I—"

"Why, madam," said Mr. Driver, "I trust that the melancholy circumstance which has occurred in our family may perhaps excuse it; we received news of my poor father—"

"Excellent, obliging man," said Munns, "I have a high regard for him."

"Alas, sir!" said Mr. Driver, "he died suddenly the day before yesterday, at Tewksbury."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Munns, "how people pop off!"

"Ah," said Munns, "that's very sad—very sad—I am afraid that will delay your doing my deeds for me."

"I hope, sir," said Driver, "in a day or two, to be able to get them done; either by myself—or—"

"Did your father die rich, Mr. Driver?" said Munns.

"I believe so, sir," said Driver.

"Then you will probably leave this neighbourhood?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Why, really, madam," said Driver, "I have hardly had time to think of my future plans. An event of such importance coming upon one so suddenly, opens a new view of the world."

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Munns, "only what I meant was, that if you *did* go, perhaps you would let us have the refusal of your poultry; I should like very much half a dozen of those remarkably fine hens which I saw one day at your house, for we have been very unfortunate in our farm-yard."

"Oh dear, madam!" said Driver, staring with wonder at the fair lady's presence of mind with regard to her own personal convenience, at such a moment, "pray don't think of waiting for my departure—the moment I return home I will give orders that six or eight of them shall be secured, if you will take the trouble of sending for them in the morning."

"A thousand thanks," said the lady; "de-

pend upon it they shall be sent for the first thing."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Driver, "I have intruded upon you with my melancholy news; but, besides affording a reason for my not having finished Mr. Munns's business, the communicating one's sorrows to friends like you, affords a melancholy satisfaction."

"I assure you I feel," said Mr. Munns, "that I shall long and seriously regret his loss;—he was a good man."

"He was, indeed!" said Driver.

"You must not over-fret yourself, Mr. Driver," said Mrs. Munns; "you will not be fit for business; and recollect the deeds press—there may be a 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip'—and what makes *me* more anxious is, that my jointure is to be increased upon the estate."

"I will do all I can, ma'am," said Driver; "good morning."

"Good morning," said Munns, shaking him by the hand; "I feel for you deeply—good morning."

"So do I," added Mrs. Munns; "good morn-

ing—now, mind, Mr. Driver, don't forget the fowls."

And so, ringing the bell for some one to usher him out, in rushed Stephen, the page, from the next room, and in his anxiety not to incur his mistress's displeasure, missing his footing, he came head over heels down the staircase; whereupon Stephen, the page, set up a cry most shrill and strong.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" said Munns.

"Hold your tongue, brat," cried Mrs. Munns.

"Yes, ma'am," said the page, blubbing; "but I've hurt myself—I think I have broken my head."

"What do I care for that?" said Mrs. Munns; "your noise will make *my* head ache all day."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Munns; "are we to be pestered because you are so awkward?"

"I only ran as fast as I could, sir," said the boy; "and—"

“ I tell you what, sir,” said Munns, “ *my* comfort is not to be disturbed by your noise :— if ever you tumble down stairs again, and hurt yourself in this way, I’ll have you horsewhipped—so get along, and no more crying.”

This threat may seem *outré* and unnatural ; but a fact is recorded as true, which fully justifies it. During the rebuilding of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, after its destruction by fire, on the 17th of September, 1795, a bricklayer’s labourer was working on the scaffold, in front of it, next the market, with his son, a boy about fourteen, when the lad missed his footing, and fell to the ground, (miraculous to say,) without receiving any injury, except a bruise or two ; whereupon his exemplary parent literally did what Mr. Munns only threatened to do to Stephen, the page, and flogged his child for his stupidity in tumbling.

“ Well,” said Munns, having terrified the page into a subdued sobbing, ending in silence, “ Driver must have been very old.”

“ He was a great bore,” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Oh ! horrid—except in business,” said

Munns; "he was sharp enough there—he was very fond of us."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munns; "that is more than I ever was of him—and, to be sure, as he *was* to go, was not it a good thought of mine about the fowls?—because, if he had lived, I never should have thought of his son's going—or—"

"I have told you a thousand times," said Munns, "one ought never to despair—good always comes out of evil."

"Not always," said Mrs. Munns; "what do you think of the headach I have got!—all the consequence of that odious little wretch's tumble and noise—I shan't close my eyes this night."

"Oh!" said Munns, "then I shall beg leave to sleep on the couch in my own dressing-room—you will keep me awake with your moanings and groanings."

"Suppose I should get worse," said Mrs. Munns, "who is to attend to me?"

"Your maid, whom you are so fond of," said Munns.

"She is of no great use," replied the lady ;
"she expects to be confined every day."

"That's your fault, for allowing her to marry,"
said Munns.

"Yes," said Mrs. Munns. "I didn't do it
to please or gratify *her*—I couldn't do without
her."

"She flatters you, and you are humbugged
by her," said Munns.

"As you are by Till, your gardener," said the
lady.

"I like my gardener," said Munns ; "he
does all I bid him do—besides, look at my
garden !"

"Well, then, if you come to that," said Mrs.
Munns, "you have given leave to Fanny to
marry that stupid, awkward fellow, Nokes."

"That's not settled yet," said Munns.

"I certainly should not have consented to
Sibly's marriage," said Mrs. Munns, "if I had
had any idea of her having the prospect of a
family so soon :—however, I shall send her away
to her friends, to-morrow, and when it is all
over, she can come back."

At this moment, Sibly, the interesting object of their deliberations, rushed into the room, pale and terrified.

"What's the matter, now?" cried Mrs. Munns.

"Oh! ma'am --Nokes!" said Sibly.

"What?" said Munns.

"Nokes!" replied Sibly, in an agitated manner.

"What of him?" cried Munns.

"His eye—oh! his eye," said Sibly.

"What's the matter with his eye?" cried Munns, still louder.

"Why don't you speak, Sibly?" said the lady.

"His eye is out!—yes, ma'am, Mr. Noke's eye is out," exclaimed the hysterical *soubrette*, and sank upon a chair, regardless of the presence in which she was standing.

"Tell us—poor fellow!" said Munns: "his eye!—how was it?"

"He was cleaning the large glass in the drawing-room," said Sibly faintly; "when the frame somehow gave way, and the glass fell upon his head—and, oh, dear! oh, dear! his right eye is cut out."

"Is the glass broken?" screamed Munns.

"Into a thousand bits, sir," said Sibly.

"What upon earth could induce the fellow to touch it?" said Munns.

"The doctor was luckily in the house with Mr. Biggins," continued Sibly, "he has picked one piece of glass out of his eye, but there are two more bits in it. Oh! ma'am, such a sight, it has had such an effect upon me, I am sure I—shall be much the worse for it."

"Oh, dear, no! I hope not," said her mistress.

"I feel very bad indeed, ma'am," said Sibly.

"Well, then, in that case, Sibly," said Mrs. Munns, "if you really are so bad, we must get a post-chaise directly, and send you off to Dumpsford, where you can get the stage-coach, and go to London."

"And I tell you what," said Munns, "Nokes can go with her; he won't be fit to work for a month or two after this infernal stupidity of knocking his eye out; so they can both go together."

"But, madam," said Sibly, "I really—"

“And I really tell you there is nothing else to be done ; so see about getting your things packed up directly,” said Mrs. Munns. Sibly gave her a look of piteous renonstrance, but it had no effect, and she retired.

“Come, Mrs. Munns,” said the master of this happy family ; “let us endeavour to cool ourselves by a walk in the garden—I think *my* notion of sending away Nokes is not a bad one—that will get rid of his marriage with Fanny Till, and of her too—the glass, however, is a heavy loss.”

“Ah !” said Mrs. Munns, “all your misfortunes come of your over-kindness to the servants—I have no patience with you.”

“I like that,” said Munns ; “it is *you* who spoil them every day of your life—come take a walk.”

“I hate walking—cannot you walk by yourself?”

“I hate walking by myself, but I suppose I must—”

Saying which, they proceeded towards the gates of his favourite garden, where they en-

countered poor Fanny, crying bitterly. One fact being perhaps essential for the reader to know and understand, namely, that although Nokes, the awkward, *had* broken the glass to pieces, he had not cut his eye out, or indeed, in the slightest degree injured himself; the report being merely a *ruse* of Sibly's to soothe the violence of her master's rage at the loss of the mirror, by an admixture of pity for the fate of the man.

"Well, Fanny, what do *you* want?" said Munns.

"Please, sir," said she, "Mr. Sibly tells me you are going to send away Nokes."

"I am going to send away Nokes to get him cured," said Munns.

"He will get well quite as soon here, sir," said Fanny. "And then it won't hinder our marriage."

"What d'ye mean to have him still?" said Munns.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Fan.

"Why, he has got but one eye!" said Mums.

"I don't mind that, sir," said Fan, "if *you* don't."

"Why, you'll have a parcel of one eyed children !" said Munns.

"They will be as well off as their father then, sir," said Fanny.

"What ! marry a Cyclops !"

"No ; Joseph Nokes is his name, sir," said Fanny.

"I cannot consent to such a thing," said Munns ; resolved to get rid of the affair and the promise of the hundred pounds which he had made to the gardener. "It must not be."

"If you please, sir," said Fanny, "as it is I who am to marry Mr. Nokes, and not *you*, I like him, sir, just as well with one of his eyes as with both."

"You are mad, child !" said Munns.

"Very well, sir," said Fanny, "so I am, and if you please I will just step and tell my father that you mean to break your word with us."

And away *she* went.

"Well, Mr. Munns," said Mrs. M., with a look which might have conveyed two or three

meanings; "things are come to a mighty agreeable pass—why the girl has the impudence to threaten you."

"I am very sorry for it," said Munns.

"What!" said the lady, bridling up in an unusually sharp manner. "Is it the young lady you are afraid of, or her father—your gardener?"

"No; of neither," said Munns, "but I am afraid he won't take care of my melons—I love melons—they are so cooling and so uncommonly refreshing—they do me good."

"I detest them, and never eat them," said Mrs. Munns; "and yet for the sake of a few melons, you will let this marriage take place, after all we have said about it."

"I don't know," said Munns; "I must consider about it—but here comes some other plague, Hobbs, the coachman, with a face as long as my arm. Well, Hobbs," added he, interrogating as the man approached him, "is any thing the matter with the horses?"

"Werry bad accident indeed, sir," said Hobbs; "my little boy, Jem, sir, he took the osses down

to the water, the big chesnut pops his foot right into a hole, comes down as nice as ninepence, and chucks my little Jem right over his head."

"Is the horse hurt, sir?" said Munns, in an agony of anxiety.

"Not a farden the worse, sir?" said Hobbs; "but my poor little Jim has got his leg broke."

"And you are quite sure that my horse is not hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"What a fool you must be," added the master, "to trust a little chap like that, on a big horse like Prancer!"

"He has taken them down to water reg'larly afore, sir," said Hobbs.

"Well now, sir, make haste," said Munns; "run to the farrier and fetch him directly to the stables—let him cast his eye over the horse, and see that nothing really has happened to him."

"There *is* nothing the matter with the oss, sir," said Hobbs; "and if *you* please, I want just to get Mr. Totts, the doctor, as lives down below, to 'tend to my poor Jim."

"There can be no necessity for that, Hobbs," said Mrs. Munns, "for Mr. Twister, *our* apothecary and surgeon, is actually in the house."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hobbs; "but I vally my poor child, and I harn't got no opinion of Dr. Twister in the leg-setting line. I never shall forget the job he made with Harry, as was helper, when *he* broke his leg."

"Harry!" exclaimed Munns, with surprise, a little tintured with anger; "why, what do you mean, Hobbs? Harry—why he is settled in London—where I got him a capital place at a club, as porter—goes on fifty errands a-day, and gets deucedly well paid too."

"Yes, sir," said Hobbs, thinking of his poor child; "but he goes very lame."

"Lame!" said Munns; "what the deuce has that to do with it!—he goes—what does it signify to him or any body belonging to him, whether he goes lame or not?"

"Ah! sir," said Hobbs, "if you had a child, sir—"

"Don't be impertinent, coachman," said Mrs. Munns.

"I wouldn't be imperent for the world, ma'am," said Hobbs; "but if *you* had a child, I am sure you wouldn't like to see it lame through neglect."

"You are vastly delicate, coachman," said Mrs. Munns; "I cannot discuss the point."

"Well, now, do as I tell you," said Munns.

"I shall run for Dr. Totts," said the coachman.

"You will, first, sir, if you please, go for the farrier," said Munns, "to look at the horse."

"There isn't nothing whatsoever in the world, sir, the matter with the oss," said Hobbs.

"Do as I tell you, sir," said Munns.

"Hang it!" said Hobbs, as he proceeded to obey the peremptory orders of his selfish master, "these people love their horses better than they do human beings." However, away he went, resolved, after having found the farrier, who was not wanted for Prancer, to find the surgeon who *was* wanted for his poor boy's leg.

"This is pleasant, Mrs. Munns," said the master of the house.

“Extremely, my dear,” said the lady, emphasising the last word, so as to satisfy any body who heard her, that she held him remarkably cheap.

“To be sure,” said Munns, “we are blessed with a nice collection of servants. Now, as to dinner. Are you so much alive to the affairs of the establishment, to as know any thing of the cook, or the kitchen-maid?—I suppose not—although you are, as you think, your own house-keeper, caring nothing for any thing, nor any body but yourself.”

“I do happen to know, Mr. Munns,” said the lady, “more than you, perhaps, think I know. The cook has been out all the morning to please *you*.”

“Me!” said Munns.

“Yes,” said the lady, “you would have trout for dinner, and you know I hate them—they taste like mice—so do woodcocks—yet you *will* have them; and the woman cannot be at home and abroad too.”

“Ring the bell, Mrs. Munns,” said Munns, “let us hear this history,—I do like trout—and

I do like woodcocks, and I'll have 'em when they are in season—and you like turbot and turkey-poults, and you have *them* when they are in season—you like eating and drinking as well as I do—we differ in our tastes—I don't care a farthing for that—I'll have what *I* like."

Stephen, the page, at this moment made his appearance with a bandeau of sticking-plaster over his forehead; three of the sugar-loaf-buttons on the sinister side of his tom-fool jacket (into which, gardener's-boy as he was, Mrs. Munns had caused him to be inserted) being absent without leave.

"Do you know, sir," said Munns, "if the cook is in the house?"

Doubting, for a moment, whether he should venture upon a direct answer, he at last replied in the affirmative: "but—"

"But what?" said Mrs. Munns.

"She is gone to bed, ma'am," said Stephen.

"To bed!" exclaimed Munns. "What—eh!"

"She is very ill, sir," said Stephen.

"Ill!" cried Munns; "but she can't go to bed, ill or well, till she has dressed *my* dinner."

"Susan, the kitchen-maid, is up, sir," said Stephen.

"Susan be —"

"Don't put yourself in a passion, Mr. M.," said the lady, "it will degrade *me* in the eyes of the servants—send Susan into the hall, I will speak to her."

"And so will *I*!" said Munns; "this won't do—I'll—p'sha—who has a right to be ill with wages like my cook's?—it won't do—we are really killing these people with kindness, Mrs. M."

The kitchen-maid, who, when the summons arrived, declared to Stephen, the page, that she was taken at what she called a "nonplush," rinsed her hands and face in a mixture of warm water and grease, which happened to be in a wooden bowl near her, and was afterwards destined to form an auxiliary to the standing dirt of a second-rate kitchen called "stock," made her appearance.

"Well, Susan, where's Twat?" (so was the cook named) said Mrs. Munns.

"She is gone to bed, ma'am, with a fever," said Susan.

"A fever?" said Munns. "Is it serious?"

"She is very hot, sir," said Susan, "and chilly by turns."

"Did she get the trout?" said Munns.

"No sir," said the fair *aide*. "She went every where after them; but neither nets nor night-lines, nor any thing was of use, and she has *briled* herself to death for nothing."

"I am afraid she will get an inflammation in the chest, or some severe disorder," said Munns.

"That will be a sad thing," said Mrs. Munns; "horrid, to have so much sickness in the house."

"T'an't that," said Munns; "who the deuce is to dress *my* dinner?"

"I can do it, sir," said Susan.

"I dare say you can," said master, "but I should'n't like to trust you. Your soup would be salt and water—your joint burnt on the spit, and as to an *entrée*, you might as well try to jump over the moon as make one."

"I don't know, sir," said Susan courtesying, "but I have dressed all your dinners for the last six weeks, and you never found fault."

"You?" said Munns, "what doesn't Twat do them herself?"

"No sir," said Susan, "she leaves it all to me, and so may you, and I hope you will not be disappointed."

"Well," said Munns, "we shall see; but Twat's illness is sudden; was it all owing to the heat, and the worry, and—"

"Not altogether, sir," said Susan, "she met with a horrid shock when she came home. The two beautiful pigs which were killed for salting, and were hanging up quite safe in the outer larder when she went away, were stolen while she was gone, and although it was known they were taken, sir, by those poor people whom you threatened to shoot yesterday for begging for victuals, nobody went after them, and she is in such a taking."

"My pigs stolen!" exclaimed Munns. "What, out of my house?—this is too bad. Twat bundles to-morrow—no—no—this added

to her doing nothing—well—well—there, go along, do your best—take care, that's all—eh."

And away went Susan.

"This is pleasant, ma'am," said Munns to his wife. "I tell you what it is: you, Mrs. Munns, go and talk to these people—you make yourself agreeable to them, that makes them familiar; then they take liberties—they care nothing for any body—pigs go—trout don't come, and the cook gets a fever and bundles to bed—there's a state of things—it can't last, ma'am."

"Don't *you* talk to your gardener?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Gardener!" replied he, "what of that? Horticulture is a science—I love melons—I hope some day to get a gold what-d'ye-call-'em medal for a cucumber. Look at my peaches—look at my cantalupes—my asparagus—my artichokes!"

"They would be all better if you didn't worry yourself about them. Till only laughs at you," said Mrs. M.

"Why do you worry yourself, and worry your manteau-makers, or, as they fancifully call themselves, *modistes*, to alter your dresses, but to make them fit better?" said Munns.

"Why because they do not obey the instructions I have given them," said Mrs. Munns.

"Well, I don't care what you do," said Munns; "but with regard to the robbery by these iniquitous rascals, who dare to be poor, and are villains enough to beg, because they have nothing to eat or drink, the whole blame falls upon that bungling, botching, slow-footed fool, Chizzle, the carpenter, who promised me six weeks ago to send home a capital stout safe, with good bolts, lock, and key, in which a man might have kept every thing snug to himself—my pigs would have been preserved, if I had had *that*, and pickled afterwards."

"There is a coarse proverb, Mr. M.," said the lady, "which I will not repeat; but here, oddly enough, is the wife of this dilatory man, evidently wanting to say something."

"Ah!" said Munns, "that's it—we are so popular, every body will force his way in.

Well, Mrs. Chizzle," continued the patron of safe-architecture, "what do *you* want?—where is my safe?—I have lost two pigs to-day for want of it, and I have no tidings of it."

"Sir," said Mrs. Chizzle. "I am sure your kind heart will make every excuse for the delay; my poor husband has been hard at work upon it, but being employed yesterday in a granary, he fell from one of the open doors, and has hurt himself seriously. He is not able to work to-day, sir, but if you will wait a short time—"

"Wait! what for?" said Mr. Munns. "Am I to lose my pigs because your husband chooses to leave my work to go grubbing about in a granary?"

"Why, sir," said Mrs. Chizzle, a tall melancholy-looking woman, in a black silk bonnet, with edging to it, "my poor man wishes to please all his customers."

"And yet you see he won't take the trouble to please *me*," said Munns.

"Indeed, sir, he will," said Mrs. Chizzle, "if you will only let him get well of his fall."

"Get well!" said Munns; "why did he get

ill? If he had been down in his workshop, making *my* safe, he could not have tumbled out of a granary.—No, no, woman; the loss of my pigs is enough—I shall get my safe made by somebody else, directly.”

“Indeed, sir,” said the poor woman, “it is all put together—it will be a great loss to my husband.”

“What is that to *me*?—go along, go along,” said Munns.

“Pray, madam,” said the carpenter’s wife, addressing Mrs. Munns, “do speak a word in our behalf.”

“I shall do no such thing,” said Mrs. Munns. “I think the safe and the whole affair very absurd, and I always said so. But why didn’t your husband do as Mr. Munns wanted him?—there, go away.”

“Ah! madam,” said the woman, “this will be a sad blow to my poor man:—he has laid out all his ready money to get wood for this, and—”

“There, there,” said Munns, “we don’t want to hear your history. I wanted my safe—I

haven't got it :—I wanted my pigs, and I have lost them."

The poor woman left the room literally in tears ; for a grievance which may appear trifling to the rich and inconsiderate, becomes a serious calamity when it happens in humbler life—she, however, like the rest of her neighbours, knew that further remonstrance was vain, and wended her weary way homewards, to announce the misfortune that awaited Chizzle, consequent, in fact, upon an accident, itself the result of his activity and industry.

But the scene was about to be changed—affairs were going to take a different turn ; to the astonishment of the Munnses, their principal, in fact, their only tenant, who rented the farm which was attached to the property, made his appearance the minute after Mrs. Chizzle's departure, his countenance expressive of any thing but awe or respect, and his manner rather indicative of authority, founded upon a knowledge of coming events.

" Ah !" said Munns, " good day, Mr. Brown."

" Good day, sir," said Brown—a fellow with

shoulders a yard and a half across—his face glowing with healthful bloom—a chest like Hercules—balustrade legs—and an eye, which, if not formed to “threaten and command,” was one beaming with that noble honesty and manly feeling, which are the characteristics of the constitutional British farmer

“I am come to tell ye something, squire.”

Munns liked being called squire, because he was not the real squire of the neighbourhood.

“What is it?” said Munns.

“Why I am come to tell you that I cannot, for the life of me, make either head or tail of what has happened to-day in your house.”

“Nothing has happened here, Mr. Brown,” said Mrs. Munns, who hated high-lows, and detested farming.

“I don’t know, ma’am,” said George Brown, “what may have happened; but this I know, that one or two of your folks have been over to me to beg the lend of a large tilted waggon, with a shakedown of straw in the bottom of it.”

“What for?” said Munns.

"For a start, this evening," replied George Brown.

"But who are to start this evening?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Every one of your servants, ma'am," said Brown; "every man Jack—women and all."

"All my servants!" said Munns; "why, what on earth am I to do without them?"

"Ah!" said Brown, "that's a part of the affair they haven't taken into their consideration: all they know is, what you did *with* them. I can tell you that, as you have, as they say, turned them all out, out they are determined to go—Sibly—Nokes—the cook—the kitchen-maid—Biggins, her husband, and the two babbies—the coachman, and his poor child—all off, in my blue-bodied, red-wheeled, three-horse omnibus.—They say you have no feeling for any body but yourselves—no pity—no humanity: and so, as every body else in the place says the same, I suppose it is true."

"They say so in the neighbourhood!" said Mrs. Munns.

"You are a very agreeable person, Mr. George Brown," said Mr. Munns.

"I speak truth, sir," said Brown; "and I speak it for self-preservation. Suppose your barns were set fire to, where should I be with my stacks and ricks?"

"Set fire to, Mr. Brown!" said Mrs. Munns.

"Yes, ma'am, set fire to," replied Brown. "I don't mean to say it will happen—but this I know, that if they *were* on fire, the deuce a hand would stir to put them out."

"Well," said Munns, with a self-satisfied upholding of his head, accompanied by a kind of wonderment in his countenance, "that seems very odd—I never do any harm to anybody—I pay for every thing I buy—never beat them down, and we lay out a great deal of money."

"Ah?" said George Brown, "that's not *it*, squire,—that won't do. I wish you had seen, to-day, how the people up-street laughed, when they heard that the beggars you set the dogs at, had stolen your pigs."

"They are horrid bores," said Mrs. Munns.

"Whether they were boars or not," continued George, "I can't say; but this I know, that such was the case."

"But, Brown," said Munns, whose eyes began to be a little opened to his position in the circle of which he hoped to be the centre, "why is this?—why are we hated?—we hate nobody!"

"Hate, sir!" said Brown; "that not hating isn't enough for an English heart:—it is because you don't care for others—it is the want of tenderness—of good feeling towards your fellow-creatures.—Why, if I was without that feeling towards you, I don't know where you or your lady would be to-morrow."

"What, on earth, do you mean, Mr. Brown?" said Mrs. Munns, violently acted upon by the inherent self-love which so remarkably distinguished her character and that of her husband; "are we in any danger?"

"A good deal, as I hear," said Brown; "there are plenty of people ready for mischief:—they know all your servants have been turned out—and, if the house isn't burnt, the chances are

it will be robbed ; and not a soul here will come to help you."

"Is it possible !" said Mrs. Munns.

"What's to be done ?" said Mr. Munns, who was a most particularly distinguished coward, as domestic bullies invariably are.

"Why, sir," said Brown, "recal the servants you have ill-treated, and attach them to you, not by severity, but kindness."

"Ah ! Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Munns, looking at the fine countenance of the portly farmer ; "what a man you are !"

"We don't know half your value yet," said Munns.

"I believe you," said Brown ; "people who think so much about themselves have no time to study others. See what I have done, I have refused them the waggon—they are all sick and lame—there's no other conveyance—not a post-horse in the parish since the rail-road has been finished, and the nearest station to that great convenience is five miles off ; so here they must stay for the night. Change your manner towards them—they are good honest servants

every one ; you need not tell them that you were aware of their determination to go—alter your manner towards them, treat them like human beings, and fellow-creatures, though your inferiors—you'll see the change ; instead of hating you, they will respect you ; instead of fearing you, they will love you. Now, just try the experiment, I know it will be hard for you at first, but do try—if you don't, by jingo they shall have the waggon yet.”

“ Upon my word, Brown, there is something in what you say,” said Munns.

“ Y-e-e-s—so there is,” drawled out Mrs. Munns, in a tone of evident discontent.

“ Well, then, follow my advice,” said Brown : “ in a month you will be as popular as you can wish to be, and the place will ring with your praises—so no waggon to-day, as I'll go and tell them.”

Saying which, the “ boor,” as Mrs. Munns called him, quitted the room, leaving the lady and gentleman somewhat astounded ; and like St. Patrick, in some degree “ awake to a sense of their situation.”

"Really, Mr. Munns," said the lady, when the heavy tread of the sturdy yeoman had become inaudible, "I do not understand what right that man has to come here and talk to us in this manner."

"Nor I," said Munns, "and I detest him—but we must look to ourselves."

"It was all very well his refusing the waggon," said the lady, "but, to deliver a lecture on our conduct!"

"—Infernally impudent!" said Munns; "but we must put up with that, and follow his advice, for our own sakes—not on account of the servants—we must seem to do all he bids us; get over to-night, and make proper arrangements for bundling them all off the moment we think we can get a better set."

"Ay," said the lady, "*that* may be wise."

"Well, then, Mrs. Munns," said the terrified tyrant, "go you and find Sibly, and Nokes, and the coachman—coax his little boy—give Sibly a glass of wine, and I will go and talk with the poor dear cook, and tell her not to worry herself about the trout."

“ Oh,” said Mrs. Munns, “ you needn’t go—here is your favorite, the gardener, with Nokes.”

“ And his eye out !” said Munns.

And sure enough there they were, attended, too, by Fanny ; the very sight of whom—why, it is impossible to guess—induced the instant disappearance of her mistress.

“ Well, sir,” said Till, the gardener, “ you see I am not like the rest—I was determined not to go, and leave you off-hand in a caddle, but to wait till you could spare me.”

“ Why do you leave me at all, Till !” said Munns.

“ Because,” said Till, “ we three have a fancy to live together ; myself, my daughter, and my son-in-law.”

“ Well,” said Munns, “ and can’t you all live here together ?”

“ No, sir,” said the gardener, “ because you have ordered Nokes away.”

“ To get himself cured only,” said Munns.

“ He’ll be cured soon enough, sir,” said Till ; “ only my poor girl has been crying fit to break her heart, because you laughed at her for marry-

ing him, and called him a Slypops, or some such thing, when I know he will be no more blind than I am."

"Blind or not blind," said Munns, "if you like to stay, he shall marry your daughter to-morrow."

"I'm quite content," said Till; and so were the junior members of the party.

"Now," said Munns, "I have done what is just and right, and I shall have my melons well looked after, and that's a comfort after all."

These words seemed to afford a cue for the re-appearance of the lady of the house, whose countenance certainly exhibited an expression not usually visible on it.

"Well, Mr. Munns," said the lady, "I am satisfied that George Brown is right—I have done what I never have done before—seen the doctor. The illness of poor Biggins and his children is nothing. The coachman's boy has only sprained his ankle. Sibby is to remain here, and dinner will be ready at six—and now every body seems pleased."

"I am, ma'am, for one," said the gardener;

" my master has made us happy, miserable as we were half an hour ago."

" What made you miserable ?" said Mrs. Munns.

" Your having ordered Nokes away, ma'am," said the gardener.

" Away—yes, to be sure," said the lady, " didn't he break my glass ?"

" Accidents may happen, ma'am," said the gardener ; " but all the looking-glasses in the world are not worth an eye."

" The doctor didn't tell me about his' eye," said Mrs. Munns.

" I don't think you asked after it, ma'am," said the gardener ; " but he will be well to-morrow."

" That I shall, ma'am," said Nokes, pulling off the handkerchief which covered one side of his face, " for I am well to-day."

" Why, as I live," said Munns, " there is nothing the matter with his eye !"

" I knew *that*, Mr. Munns," said the lady, " and that was the reason I ordered him off, because I hate to be imposed upon."

"No, ma'am, no," said the gardener, "it was Sibly's contrivance, in order to excite your compassion, so that he might be forgiven the accident."

"Gardener, give me leave to tell you," said the lady, "that you are mistaken; an active mistress of a house is not to be deceived—she may seem to sleep, but her eyes are always open."

"Not so, mistress," said the gardener, "and the less servants are trusted, the more they trick;—now, as for myself, what have I done ever since I have been here?—I shall tell the truth—for now I am grateful for your kindness,—why, I have always listened to my master's orders about the garden."

"Exactly," said Munns, "and so much the better."

"Yes; for what happened," said the gardener; "you'll excuse *me*, sir, I was always afraid of contradicting you, but I never did any one thing you told me to do."

"There, Mr. M.," said the lady, "didn't I tell you so?"

"I did well," said the gardener; "for if I had followed your instructions, you wouldn't have had a morsel of fruit, or a basketful of vegetables to bless yourselves with."

"What!" said Munns, "no melons? no cantalupes?"

"Not one, sir," said the gardener. "The man that was here before *me*, was afraid of you, and did every thing you told him to do; the consequence was, you never had anything in your garden. He told me you *would* be obeyed in every thing, and that I should lose my place the first time I contradicted you; so *that* drove me to deceive you, and I heard your orders only to break them. This is my confession, sir, and if you are angry, why, we are ready to go, and give up your handsome offer to Fanny; but I think I see sunshine, and—"

"Well," said Mrs. Munns, "what do you say to this, Mr. M.?"

"Why, that Nokes shall marry Fan in the morning, and that they shall all stay with us. It is all part of the same system—thanks to George Brown my eyes are opened. My own selfishness

and waywardness have caused all the manœuvring and deception in my household, of which I have complained.—I'll start fresh—take a new course—burn my steel traps—tie up the dogs—pull down my defiance to beggars, and, for the future, continue to recollect that there really is somebody else in the world beside Mr. Singleton Munns,” and so *literally* realize the proverb that says,

“CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.”

CIVIL WAR.

ON the 16th of April, nearly ninety-three years since, the sun shone brightly on the bristling bayonets of the soldiers, and the drums and fifes sounded merrily, as the British troops marched from Nairn towards Culloden, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland ; the effect of whose appearance at the head of an army, not previously victorious, seems to have been, if not marvellous, equal at least to many of the best miracles recorded by those, against whom, and whose cause, he was in arms.

Most curious evidence to the sudden and extraordinary change which took place, not only

in the temper and spirit of the King's army, immediately after the arrival of His Royal Highness, the undaunted and unconquered son of our Protestant King, and to the corresponding dread and panic of the rebels, is afforded in two letters, of which, although as historical records they are perhaps imperfectly remembered in these days when greater deeds and more astounding victories have almost obliterated the recollection of Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenard, seems to justify their insertion here. One of these letters is addressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle, dated from Falkirk; the other to the same nobleman, by the Lord Justice Clerk from Edinburgh.

The Duke's letter runs thus :

"Falkirk, Feb. 1, 1745-6.

"My Lord Duke of Newcastle,

"In my last, of the 3d of last month, I informed you of our intention to march to the relief of Stirling Castle. When I wrote that, I hoped that the rebels, flushed with their late

success, would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, which I am morally sure would have been in our favour ; as the troops in general showed all the spirit I could wish, and would have recovered whatever slips are past. But to my great astonishment, the rebels have blown up their powder magazines, and have returned over the Forth at Frew, leaving their cannon behind them, and a number of their sick and wounded, besides twenty of our wounded prisoners, taken at the late affair, which I have found here. I hope to be at Stirling to-morrow, from whence I shall be better able to inform you of this strange flight.

“ Brigadier Mordaunt, with the two regiments of dragoons, and Lieutenant-colonel Campbell with the Highlanders, are in pursuit of them.

“ I am, your affectionate friend,

“ WILLIAM.”

“ P.S.—This moment comes in from Stirling a man, who says Blakeney had put troops in the town, and that all the rebels had crossed the

Forth. I enclose the best account for the present I could draw up."

The Lord Chief Justice Clerk writes to the Duke of Newcastle.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 1, 1745-6.

"My Lord Duke,

"The arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke has done the business—animated our army, and struck the rebels with terror and confusion. He lost no time to improve these advantages ; marched the whole army to Linlithgow and the adjacent places, and continued his march this morning, to Falkirk, the rebels always flying before him. This morning the rebels renewed their firing against Stirling Castle ; but General Blakeney continuing to make a good defence, they raised the siege, and have blown up their magazine of powder, and, as believed, have spiked their cannon, and the whole army of the rebels have fled with precipitation, and crossed the Forth at the ford of Frew ; and his Royal Highness has sent on the dragoons and the

Argyleshire men to take possession of Stirling, and remains with the foot this night at Falkirk. Wishing your grace joy of this great and good news,

“ I remain, my Lord Duke, &c.,
“ ANDREW FLETCHER.”

Here we have the authorised details of the sudden change in the aspect of affairs, immediately resulting, as we have before said, from the assumption of the command of the King's troops by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Nor was the brightness of the prospect illusory ; for his royal highness's career of success was uninterrupted, until the battle of Culloden, on the 19th of April, 1746, terminated the hopes of his illustrious father's rebellious subjects, and scattered over the face of the continent, the fugitives who escaped the penalty of the axe or gibbet.

It must seem unnecessary to give any detailed account of that great fight ; but as much of the following narrative depends upon its incidents and consequences, we may perhaps be excused

for quoting a brief description of the engagement, and of the order of battle.

The king's troops began their march at five, in the bright spring morning of the 16th of April, from Nairn, formed into five lines of three battalions each; the left commanded by Major-general Hust, the right by Lord Sempil. In the centre was Brigadier Mordaunt, and on the flanks were the cavalry under Generals Bland and Hawley, who also covered the artillery on the right and left.

The advanced detachment of Kingston's horse, having discovered the van of the rebels moving towards them, the Duke of Cumberland immediately formed his troops in order of battle, in which the army remained for some time; but as the rebels advanced no further, the troops fell again into marching order, and proceeded until within less than a mile of the front of the enemy.

The troops were then again formed: the three battalions of the second line defiled to the left of the respective battalions of the van—Barrett's to the left of Monro's—the Scotch fusiliers to the left of Price's, and Cholmondeley's

to the left of the royals. These marching up, formed the front line of six battalions, with two pieces of cannon between each.

In the centre, at the head of the line, the Earl of Albemarle commanded ; three squadrons of cavalry on the right were commanded by Major-general Bland, and three squadrons on the left by Lord Ancram.

In the second line were five battalions posted so as to cover the openings in the front line, with three pieces of artillery between the first and second battalions on the right and left of the same line, to support both lines ; and as a reserve, four battalions were placed in a third line, flanked on the right and left by Kingston's horse.

Opposed to these, and opposed for the last time, were the devoted adherents to the cause of James and Popery. Into thirteen divisions, each a separate clan, was the rebel army formed ; twelve pieces of artillery were advanced ; four in front of the centre, and four on either flank. In command of the centre was Lord John Drummond ; of the right wing, Lord George

Murray ; and the left, by the *soi-disant* Duke of Perth.

To support this line, covered by some stone walls on the right, were stationed four companies of French auxiliaries and Fitz-James's horse ; on the left, the Perthshire squadron, some huzzars, and the young ~~Pretender's~~ guards, together with four companies of Lord John Drummond's foot.

Open to the centre of the front was placed the young Pretender himself with his body guards, and three columns of 800 men each in his rear ; Lord Kilmarnock commanding the right column, the right under Roy Steuart, and the centre headed by Lord Lewis Gordon and Glenbucket, and in the rear of them, as the first reserve, were stationed the regiments of Ogilvie and Perth.

In this state of affairs, the rebels, about two o'clock, opened a fire upon the King's troops with their artillery ; but they did little or no execution, and only served to provoke a retaliation from the royal cannon, which threw them into great disorder ; and growing impatient

under a galling fire, which they did not relish half so well as the hand-to-hand conflict in which they hoped to triumph, they made a sudden rush on the right of the king's troops ; and this it is thought they did to induce their enemies to push forward upon *them* : they were, however, deceived. The Duke of Cumberland was on the spot to receive them, and they found the reception they met with, from the steadiness and firmness of the line, not much more agreeable than the long shots of the artillery ; and thus baffled, they turned their whole force upon the left ; their fury chiefly manifesting itself in their attacks upon Monro's and Barrett's regiments, which they attempted to outflank ; when Wolfe's regiment rapidly coming up, frustrated their design, whilst the artillery were firing upon them with incessant activity.

A gallant dash made by General Hawley brought up a body of Highlanders, who soon knocked down some of the stone walls before-mentioned, in order to let in the cavalry, which instantly advanced on that side, while the troops on the right of the king's forces wheeled off upon

the left, and having charged the rebels, and met the centre of their front line in the rear, and being repulsed on the front, they fell into terrible confusion. The cavalry behind then made a dreadful carnage. The infantry alone moving off in anything like order, met at this moment Kingston's cavalry coming up at a rapid pace, which, falling in with the fugitives, almost annihilated all the rest of them.

The young Pretender could no longer withstand the shock of this repulse; and although he had evinced enough of personal courage, and had had one horse shot under him, judging from the fate of the day what his own must inevitably be, he hastily quitted the field, and slept that night at Inverness.

The miseries and difficulties which subsequently accumulated upon him, until his final escape to France, are too well known to need a single observation here.

On the day of this eventful battle, and in the thickest of the fight, fell Donald M'Cleod, a man of substance and property; and, although perhaps not the head of his clan, a man generally looked up to and highly respected, and who

on this occasion took into the field a sturdy band of dependants, who played their part gallantly, till they could no longer withstand the force of the English bayonets, weapons with which they were unaccustomed to contend, and which made wonderful havoc when opposed by only the broadsword and targe. At their head M'Cleod exerted himself nobly ; but at length they gave way, and, in a hand-and-hand conflict with an English officer, M'Cleod received his death-wound.

From that day, from that hour, may be dated the downfall and dispersion of his once happy family. His hospitable house at Malldaloch was ravaged by the soldiery on the night succeeding the battle ; its furniture was destroyed, fire was set to its roof, and a thousand excesses were committed by the king's troops, who, raised to a pitch of enthusiasm by the triumphant victories of the Protestant Duke of Cumberland, were led into violences which, in the modern days of order and discipline, would never have occurred.

From this scene of death and desolation, all that survived of M'Cleod's family, consisting of

his heart-broken widow and their only daughter, Alice, contrived to escape, aided in their proceedings by the watchful guidance and prudential advice of Ronald M'Clean, the devoted lover of the beautiful girl. That his affections had never been returned by her, rendered his zeal and energy upon this occasion the more meritorious; for he loved her fondly and sincerely, and lived in hope upon what a romantic lover might almost call the sunshine of her frowns.

And what a "fitting" it was, when the newly-widowed mistress of Malldaloch, with her darling child, crept stealthily away from her once happy home, following the example and, in fact, the fortunes of not only the Pretender (then called the young Italian), but of all those who valued their lives, which were forfeited to the law by an adherence to the legitimate descendants of the house of Stuart, to whose cause they had been, however unfortunately, we ought to hope, conscientiously devoted.

The escape of the fugitives was rendered more difficult, -from the fact, that in the

warmth of their affection, all the dependants of the family, who had escaped from the fight, would insist upon guarding and escorting the widow of their master and her lovely daughter on their way to the frail bark, in which it was decided they should take their departure from the land of their fathers. This show of regard and respect, caused in itself the interruption which M'Clean had endeavoured to guard against, when he confided them to the care of the family priest, with instructions where to find the vessel which was waiting for them, fearing himself to accompany them, and seeking safety in flight, northwards.

The mourning party, in their progress, attracted the notice of a party of the King's troops, under the command of a young officer ; —the M'Cleods would have shown fight against them, but the defeat of the previous day had broken down their spirit. The soldiers rode in amongst them, and one more daring than the rest, having seized the harmless Alice M'Cleod round the waist, was forcing her violently and coarsely on to his horse, when a blow from the

sword of his officer laid him sprawling in the dust. The incident was momentary, but it failed not to make a deep impression on Alice, who found herself rescued from the monster's barbarity by a champion so young and so handsome, on whose arm she leant for support, while shuddering at the thoughts of the outrage she had just escaped.

"We war not with ladies," said the officer ; "rely on *my* protection. I know no reason why you should be detained or stopped in your going, be it whither it may."

By this time the mother of Alice had recovered sufficient self-possession to tell their deliverer that she was on her way to embark for France ; that Scotland was no longer a place for her to reside in, that she had lost her husband and her property, and all that she implored was permission to proceed on her way.

By this time, most of the attendants and tenants, who had clustered round her, had fled from the "butchers," as they called their conquerors, and nobody remained near her save Alice and the priest, to whom the young officer,

whose admiration of Alice increased every moment, paid no particular attention, pretty well guessing the character he filled, and the profession to which he belonged, but anxious to avoid any thing and every thing that could retard the departure of the mother and daughter. Having given orders to his men to return to their quarters, where he would shortly join them, he sent back his horse, and offering his arm to the mother, consigned the grateful Alice to the care of her spiritual adviser, and followed but by one gray-headed old man, (who, as soon as the red-coats were seen moving along the road, in an opposite direction, had made his reappearance,) carrying some few articles of luggage.

Those who are sceptics as to love at first sight, will do well in this case to get rid of their doubts. If the beauty and grace of Alice M'Cleod had made a deep impression on the heart of Lieutenant Granville, his ardent defence of her from violence had not less affected *her*. Her affections were disengaged—her mind, softened and subdued by grief and sorrow, was more than ever eagerly alive to the appeals of

kindness and the display of interest, which Granville took no great pains to conceal. In fact, whether the generous young man went quite the length of neglecting or violating his duty, or not, there can be no question that from the day of their first *rencontre*, till the evening, when the wind coming fair, Alice and her mother took their departure, Granville passed the greatest part of his time on board the little vessel in which they were embarked, and from which they did not land after they once left their native shore.

In that short period Granville had so far interested the lovely girl in his fate and feelings, that she did not hesitate to admit the preference he had excited. Nor did her mother refuse her sanction to a conditional pledge, that if they ever should return to Scotland, and the attachment which Granville professed, should continue, their acquaintance should be renewed, with a view to the fulfilment of their present engagement. This engagement was, in the mind of Alice, binding and irrevocable, and so she resolved to maintain it, even if she never

should behold her gallant deliverer again : the bond was sealed with a kiss of love—and so they parted.

Five years passed away, and they met not ; but fancy, at the expiration of that period, Alice, the fair and faithful Alice, devoted heart and soul to the land of her fathers, domesticated in a small cottage close on the confines of her early home, breathing in all the purity of innocence and virtue, the air of her native country ; in which, although the flame of civil war was extinct, and tranquillity restored, the dilapidated remains of the house of Malldaloch remained, a heart-rending monument of the evils which had befallen her.

Fancy the sensations which filled the heart of Ronald M'Clean, the lover of her youth, when he heard of her return—to whom, in the common course of events, she might, in all probability, have been at this very time united. Fancy what he hoped when he heard of the death of her mother, and the almost romantic return of herself to Scotland, accompanied by the venerable priest, who had followed the for-

tunes of her family, and attended by her faithful maid, Peggie M'Cleod, who, humble as was her station, proudly claimed to be of kith and kine to her excellent young mistress.

No sooner did the news of what may be almost called this holy pilgrimage of Alice to her home, reach him, than the flame which had so long lain smouldering in his bosom, brightened at the sound ; although, as the reader has been told, it never had been encouragingly breathed upon by the gentle Alice herself, who, nevertheless, esteemed him as a friend, and regarded him almost as a brother, and who—such is the force of habit and family connexion, juxtaposition, convenience of circumstances, and proximity of property—would, as has just been observed, in all probability have become her husband, had matters remained tranquil, or the success of the struggle been the other way.

His visits, however, were discouraged by Alice, and all her anxiety was to prevent a declaration on his part, which would decidedly separate them. She never permitted herself to be alone with him ; and having confided her

secret to her confessor, the worthy old Padre conscientiously continued to render himself particularly odious to M'Clean, by never absenting himself during the stay at the cottage of the ill-fated young man.

It was true, most true, that the father of Alice had died in M'Cleod's arms at Culloden—that he rushed to his rescue—too late, it is also true—but that he greatly distinguished himself upon the occasion, and that his care and assiduity in making arrangements for their flight, demanded Alice's utmost gratitude. This she admitted, and this she felt—but love she could not; her heart was now not her own to give.

It was scarcely possible that an event which had occurred in the presence of M'Cleod's tenants and clansmen, as the summary punishment of the trooper by Granville, could have escaped notice and remark. M'Clean had heard the history, and although he had just reason to be satisfied with Alice's conduct towards him before her departure, he could not help connecting in his shrewd and active mind the existence of some powerful attachment to the red-coat, with the

marked coldness and studied reserve of the object of his affections since her return.

"I know," said he, one evening at parting, "I know it all; I have a rival—a Southron—a Red-coat of the Georgies—and if I have—"

Alice endeavoured in vain to appease him.

"Alice," said he, "swear—swear to me that it is not so."

Alice could *not* obey his demand, and he left her in anger—she had never seen him so moved before.

It was on the same evening, and just after this separation that an English traveller, without either guide or companion, was wending his way over the rocky ground through intricate passes, with which, notwithstanding his being apparently a stranger, he seemed to be tolerably well acquainted. His object appeared to be, to "make," as the sailors say, some indicated familiar spot, whence he might more favourably, "take a fresh departure," in order to attain the object of his journey.

Certain it is, that he followed a path which led to some ruins, in front of which he stopped,

as if expecting some further enlightenment with regard to his further progress ; resolved, if nothing occurred to assist him in his explorations, to endeavour to find shelter for the night ; when the sound of a female voice, breathing forth sacred music, struck upon his ear. He advanced a few steps towards the place whence this harmony seemed to proceed, and beheld a light burning in a cottage-window at no great distance from him, except that it was in the depth of the valley, overhung by the rocky pathway on which he stood.

A thousand feelings agitated him ; perhaps it was in *that* direction he had been taught to look for what he so ardently sought. The music continued—the traveller, following the narrow track cut in the face of the hill, reached a wooden bridge, boldly thrown over the bed of the mountain torrent ; this he crossed—the light still burning before him, seemed like a propitious star guiding him to happiness.

He approached the cottage—the window was open ; concealed by a wall he could command the interior of the room, in which he beheld a young

female, kneeling before an image of the Virgin ; the sacred song was over, but she was praying fervently and in silence ; at her side hung a rosary,

“ And on her breast a cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.”

As her face was turned towards the sacred image, the traveller could see only her profile : was more necessary to convince him, even if his heart had not already proclaimed it, that it was Alice M'Cleod ?

He remained motionless, lest he should interrupt her orisons. She rose from her devotions—he ventured to attract her attention by calling on her name ;—she started with surprise, and uttered a sudden cry ; but it was characterized by neither fear nor displeasure ; on the contrary, after recovering from her first astonishment she held out her hands towards him, and bade him come in.

And what a meeting it was ! what thousands of questions and answers did these two devoted beings ask and give ! He repeated all the events of his life, which had occurred since—

they parted, to which she listened with the deepest interest ; nor did the announcement of the fact, that the moment he could obtain leave of absence from his regiment, which had been moved from Scotland after the suppression of the rebellion to a foreign station, he had proceeded to France, hurried to the convent where she had been residing, and there hearing of her mother's death, and her return to Scotland, had followed and found her ; at all weaken the feeling he had already excited.

This interesting dialogue between the gallant Granville and his beloved, was interrupted by the appearance of Peggie, who, looking at the Captain—as he now was—and bearing in mind the eventful day which won his lady's heart, suggested that a good supper was essential to his well-being, a *dictum* with which, (lover as he was,) the gallant officer did not appear at all inclined to disagree ; and accordingly Alice, whose thoughts were certainly not resting on such mere worldly matters, expressed her cordial approbation of her handmaiden's providence.

"You will find here," said Alice to Granville, returning after having given some orders, "a hearty, honest welcome; humble as to fare, such as we real mountaineers are used to. You will, when weary of our talk, be conducted by honest Peggie's little nephew to a clean and comfortable lodging in her brother's cottage, which I have desired them to prepare for you. You may wonder to see with what cheerfulness I bear my change of circumstances; but I place my trust in Heaven, and am happier here than I could be any where else in the world."

Honest Peggie bustled about and soon displayed a repast, possessing the first of all attractions—cleanliness. And Alice and Granville defied the world and all its ills in their quiet retreat.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when an old highlander, whom Granville had engaged to bring his portmanteau across the hills from the nearest point, at which road-travelling became impracticable, made his appearance with his burden, and knocked at the door of the

cottage to ask for a wee bit of something to eat ; little imagining that the Southron who had told him to come to him at Malldaloch, where he understood Alice was residing, was already installed and at rest. From this portmanteau, Granville produced the Prayer-book which had belonged to his beloved's father, and which forgetting in the hurry of quitting the convent, she had left behind her. The sight of it filled her eyes with tears : not only was it associated with ten thousand recollections of her adored parent, but its restitution to her by Granville fully established the fact of his journey in pursuit of her, and his solicitude on her account, by bringing her back this valuable relic.

“ Henry,” said Alice, “ the sight of this book brings all the events of my earlier life to my mind—the kindness and affection of my poor father—the devotion of my sainted mother—in the silence of the convent to which we retired, and which you have visited, my thoughts were constantly fixed on you—the day of the dreadful battle was always before me—and in the hour of

prayer did my thoughts revert to my preservation from violence, perhaps from death, by you; and even while my eyes were fixed upon this holy book, and in the quietude of our chapel, when the shades of evening fell over us, your figure seemed to flit before me in the light of the tapers which burned on the altar.

“ My mother died—she rests, as you know, in the cemetery of that convent. I wept over her, and vainly called on her revered name—she was lost to me for ever, upon earth. I grew sick of the desolate state in which I was left, and the love of home—my dear, ill-fated home—filled my heart. I sat through the long evenings of winter, scarcely lifting my head from my hands, my eyes drowned in tears, for dear Malldaloch, with its calm lake and its moonlit rushes murmuring in the breeze, were always before me—the longing for home at length became irresistible : my excellent priest, to whose care and affection I owe so much, expressed his readiness to be my protector and guide to my native mountains, hoping, moreover, now that public affairs have become more tranquil, to exert himself again

successfully in forwarding the interests of our holy religion, which, like all his brethren, he makes his constant care.

“ Never shall I forget my sensations when I first again beheld Malldaloch—or rather its ruins—a thousand recollections flashed on my mind!—the places which we have inhabited in our youth, in our happiest hours, may crumble and fall, but they speak volumes. ‘ Yes,’ cried I, ‘ there is Malldaloch, ruined, deserted—but still it *is* Malldaloch.’ ”

“ As we approached it,” continued Alice, “ we found the beautiful gardens all run wild and in disorder; long grass was growing in the courtyard, and the setting sun gleamed through the broken windows on the pavement of the once festive hall; but it shone, too, on the arms of M‘Cleod, which still were in their place of honour; no one had dared to tear down *those*; and I seated myself beneath them in the oaken chair of my father, in which he has sat a thousand times while fondling me on his knee. You will ask me,” said Alice, “ why, with these feelings, I did not, as I proposed to do when I left the con-

vent, make Malldaloch my residence : my fortune would not permit it.—There is my answer—therefore is it, that I have chosen this little cottage, whence I can see the home of my fathers, even if I am hindered from making my daily visit to it, by the badness of the weather.”

Poor Alice paused, while yet Granville sat gazing on her with rapture. She had hitherto spoken of nothing calculated to disturb the prospect of their happiness ; for the death of Granville’s father had put him in possession of a handsome fortune, of which he had the uncontrolled command ; but something remained to be told—in fact, unless his anger had not subsided, she every moment expected Roland M’Clean to pay her one of his fruitless and irksome visits ; and although she felt it wholly impossible to have any concealment from Granville, and although she was most anxious that Ronald should not make his appearance, she still, on the other hand, hoped that he might, as convincing her that his wrath was appeased, and that he had forgiven her refusal to comply with his re-

quest of the preceding evening, to swear eternal fidelity to him.

“ There is,” said Alice, in a faltering voice, “ but one thing which weighs upon my mind : it has been my misfortune, involuntarily on *my* part, to gain the affections of one who has been my companion from my earliest youth — the favourite of my father, to whom he was devotedly attached. Last night he pressed his suit with more than usual earnestness, and, although my best of friends, my priest was by, charged me with loving another, and that other a Southron. The thought enraged him almost to madness, and he left me burning with rage.”

The expression of Granville’s fine countenance convinced Alice that she was touching upon points likely to excite in his breast feelings of national prejudice and animosity, which however subdued, or even entirely overcome, by the superior influence of love for such a being as herself, still rankled in the hearts of those, whose loyalty and fidelity to the house of Hanover led them to regard with scorn and hatred the survivors of the faction, whose rebellious attempts

upon the crown they had successfully defeated. The idea that this pretender to the hand of Alice should speak slightly of a Southron—and *that* Southron himself, awakened a feeling of pride and resentment, which pretty plainly exhibited itself in Granville's altered manner.

"But," said Alice, "all this will pass away—Ronald is generous and brave—and now that *you* are here, all my cares and all my difficulties cease."

"Yes," exclaimed Granville, softened by the sweetness of her manner, "you are mine—mine for ever! This happy moment repays me for all the anxieties of a protracted separation; never—never more do we part on earth!"

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching; the happy lovers turned their eyes to the door of the cottage, and beheld, already on its threshold, three men. The first was young, his countenance marked and stern—his figure manly and graceful—his air dignified and resolute. By the colour of his tartan, as well as by his gallant bearing, it was not difficult to recognise in *him* the rejected Ronald M'Clean. His hand

was on the pistol which he carried in his belt, and he appeared only to be restrained from using it, by the efforts of one of his companions, much older than himself. Granville fixed his eyes upon the young highlander, and Alice seemed rivetted to the spot by his sudden appearance under such extraordinary circumstances.

Granville's arrival had been noticed by one of Ronald's men, who had followed him to the cottage: coupled with the scene of the previous evening, this circumstance dispelled all doubt in Ronald's mind of the truth of his suspicions, and when he entered the room, he felt satisfied that he stood face to face with his hated rival. The first glance which he cast upon Granville was that of scorn and contempt; but in an instant, as if animated by other and still stronger feelings, a look of horror glanced from his eyes, and an exclamation of disgust burst from his lips; he stepped forward, and again gazed upon the English Red-coat.

"'Tis he!" said Ronald, "I never could mistake him."

He walked across the room to Alice, and

with a calmness and gravity totally at variance with the passions which a moment before had seemed to agitate him, took her hand in his.

“ Daughter of M‘Cleod,” said he, “ do you know this man ?”

Alice would have answered the question with a scorn, which must have made M‘Clean feel how well she knew him, and how much she loved him ; but there was something so awful in the tone of his voice, and something so solemn in his manner, that her tongue refused its office, and from her trembling lips fell only some faint and unintelligible words.

“ Daughter of M‘Cleod,” said Ronald, “ in the battle of Culloden I SAW THAT MAN KILL YOUR FATHER.”

The hand of Alice turned icy cold in that of M‘Clean ; she uttered no cry—she wept not—but fixing her eyes upon *his*, seemed to search to his very heart for the truth of what he had said. M‘Clean relaxed not.

“ Granville,” said she, in a faltering voice, “ is this true ?”

“True!” exclaimed Granville, starting from his seat impetuously, “the wretch who has fabricated that falsehood——”

But, alas! the almost supernatural calm, the imperturbable tranquillity of Ronald, were but too certain evidences that what he had said was right. A faint smile of gratified vengeance trembled on his lip—his hand touched not his dagger, although the hatred of his rival was deep in his heart—he felt that he had already triumphed over him. The manly beauty of his features, now agitated by no passion, and the inanimate steadiness of his figure, afforded a striking contrast to the excitement of Alice and Granville; the one of whom was praying to Heaven with tearful eyes, and the other threatening Ronald with looks of defiance.

Alice, unhappy Alice, *was* convinced; she knew that the honour of M‘Clean was unimpeached and unimpeachable—she knew that it was in a personal encounter with an English officer, her father, separated from his men, had fallen;—she dare not doubt—she dare not hope. Pressing her forehead with both her hands, she

turned, first to Granville, and then to his accuser, and uttering one piercing shriek, fell senseless at their feet.

They raised her gently, and her faithful servants carried her to her chamber, leaving Granville and M'Clean alone together. In Granville's state of mind, with all his national prejudices, and all his tenderest feelings boiling in his bosom, it may easily be conceived that such a circumstance was most perilous and fearful. Harsh words were exchanged between them—the searching questions of Granville, the short but decided answers of Ronald, produced a war of words, in which, however, the truth of Ronald's statement was perfectly established.

“I was there,” exclaimed Ronald; “I saw the blow struck—I saw my honoured, my beloved friend fall. If I had not been whirled away by a sudden charge of your bayonets, you should not have lived to triumph in the glories of that detestable victory. Five minutes after, I gained the spot, and M'Cleod died in my arms. The form and features of his antagonist were stamped upon my memory—my friend's

death was not then atoned for—the day *may* come—Patience !”

“ This is a dream,” said Granville, “ a horrible dream ! No,” exclaimed he, striking his breast in an agony of passion, “ I have done no wrong, there is *no* crime in war—the soldier fighting his country’s battles is no assassin. He knows not who falls by his hand—he ought never to know it. Alice will not break her oath for *this*—no, M‘Clean ! she is affianced to me, and she shall be my wife.”

In an instant the whole expression of M‘Clean’s countenance was altered, and rage, uncontrollable rage, agitated all his features.

“ The blood of her father is on your head,” said Ronald. “ The curse of the daughter will follow you !”

“ The curse,” exclaimed Granville, “ will be on *him* who has raked this frightful story from the grave, where it would have slumbered, as it ought to have done, had not Alice’s devoted love for me, driven you to the base and horrid expedient of reviving it. Alice loves me, and I repeat it, to your dismay.”





The Black Knight.

11. 11. 1978

[illegible]



Ronald, writhing under this last denunciation, started from his seat and left the cottage. Granville perfectly well understood the sign he made on quitting the door, and followed him out. The two companions of M'Clean, knowing too surely what was about to happen, were going after their chief; but the old man, who had brought Granville's portmanteau across the hills, detained them until he had loosened his shield from his back, and armed himself with his short spear, declaring with an almost youthful energy, that as the Southron had hired him to serve him, he was bound to protect him, and see fair play between him and his enemy.

A few minutes only had elapsed, when on the bank of the torrent which dashed from the height of the mountains, a sudden glare of light appeared, illuminating the glen; it arose from the flames of burning branches of the resinous pine, which the retainers of their chief had cut from the trees and fired—the torches thus promptly supplied, cast around a funeral gloom—its object was undoubted—the clashing of swords echoed among the rocks—the sound re-

called the distracted Alice to life and consciousness—in vain she tried to raise herself from her bed. She called to her faithful Peggie to open the window, and endeavour to discover what it meant.

“Tell me—tell me,” said Alice, “what do you see?”—Her answer was, that there were two men fighting—that they had closed upon each other, and that one struggled violently in the conflict, but that his antagonist seemed to be the victor, but that it was impossible to distinguish who were the combatants at that distance.

Presently the clash of weapons ceased, and a low murmuring noise was followed by the slow and heavy tramp of feet. Alice again raised herself and listened, but all was still save the falling torrent.

The helpless weakness of the poor sufferer—rendered her incapable of action, and so exhausted did she become, that sometime after midnight she fell into a fitful slumber, whence, however, she started at the earliest dawn of day.

Then it was that poor Alice, “rallying all her energies,” resolved to leave the cottage, and

seek the place of combat. She fulfilled her intentions, leaning on the arm of her faithful woman. And those who had seen the fair and beautiful creature of the previous night, her heart full of joy and affection, would not have recognised her, in the worn broken-down creature who, with her eyes fixed on Heaven, dragged her faint and wearied limbs to the glen.

"Here, madam," said Peggie, "here is the ground on which they fought—the grass is still wet."

"With blood," muttered Alice, shuddering.

"I know," continued the woman, "that one was wounded, for I saw the other, when they parted, after their struggle, rush upon him and cut him down—that I dared not tell you last night."

"It was the shortest of the two that fell," said Peggie; "I could not of course, see their faces, but I am certain it was Ronald M'Clean."

The joy of hearing that her beloved Granville had escaped, did not hinder Alice from feeling sore and deep regret for M'Clean. He had

been, as we know, the constant companion of her youth—they had together explored the wildest heather or culled the wildest fruits ; and the thought that he should have fallen while he was in fact her guest, and almost before her door, only because he had dared to love her—struck deep into her generous heart. She had always esteemed him, admired the nobleness of his character, respected his principles and his virtues, and, if she had not loved, she at least preferred him to all others, until the fortune of war and a totally unforeseen event had brought her so strangely acquainted with Granville, and created a feeling of gratitude and devotion in her heart, which in such a heart, naturally grew into an ardent affection for her deliverer.

Alice left the blood-stained spot ; she gazed around her in every direction in hopes to see her beloved ; the eagle soared from its eyrie, beating the clear air with its wings ; the patient fisherman pursued his daily toil in silence on the lake—but no Granville came. At one point of her path the roof of Malldaloch caught her

sight; a thousand thoughts flashed into her mind—a thousand associations connected with the days of childhood—a thousand regrets for the fate of M'Clean.

"No," said she, "it is not so; M'Clean is wrong—my father did *not* fall by Granville's hand—he is free from that stain. But even if he did, it was in battle. Could I not forgive him? It was his duty; but to marry him—to feel my hand grasped by that which killed my parent—misery, misery!"

Exhausted and broken-hearted, Alice retraced her steps to the cottage; her anxiety for news of Granville, "with all his sins upon his head," amounting to something like frenzy, when at the door she found the old Highlander, whose generous feeling towards the Southron has already been noticed.

"Lady of Malldaloch," said the old man, "he is dying in your house—at his own desire in the house of the M'Cleods. To die so young, is hard—and for a woman's love too—had it been in the good old cause—"

"Holy Virgin!" said Alice, "support me at

this moment ! Do you mean to say that he wished to be taken to Malldaloch ?”

“ Yes,” said the old man ; “ he said it would be a blessing to him to die under the roof of your fathers, and entreated us to carry him to what was your room in other days.”

“ Oh ! Ronald, Ronald !” sobbed Alice, “ I have wronged you—I have ruined you, and all because you loved me !” and she hurried away to the old house.

The aged Highlander did not at all understand or enter into Alice’s feelings, nor did he exactly comprehend the meaning of the quarrel. He satisfied himself with thinking it exceedingly ridiculous for men to fight about “ladie love,” and appeared almost angry with the Lady of Malldaloch for being so much affected at the result.

Alice, weak as she was, hastened on her way, anxious to pour such balm as she could, into the wounds of her devoted Ronald, and almost dissatisfied that Granville had not had the manliness to return to her, to tell her what had occurred. She reached the gate—with almost supernatural strength, she ran up the staircase

which led to her once familiar room, and throwing open the door beheld stretched upon an old wretched bedstead, which had escaped the ravages of time and the rebellion, pale as death and deeply wounded on the chest—her adored Granville.

Her eyes were rivetted on the horrid sight : she panted for breath—all she could mutter was, —“ And has M‘Clean done this ?”

The agitation of Granville at the sight of his beloved Alice, forced the blood to flow afresh from the wound, which had been left since the preceding night without surgical aid. He could not speak to her, but the expression of his ghastly countenance seemed to say, “ Do not hate me, Alice !—do not abandon me !”

Alice fancied she saw her father’s noble figure flit by her, and heard his voice sounding in her ears ; the pulsation of her heart was audible—such was the silence of the apartment.

“ If I forsake you,” said Alice, “ may Heaven forsake *me* !” and taking his hand into hers, which trembled like a leaf, she kissed his cold lips, and the knot which confined her hair break-

ing, her long fair tresses fell over the neck of her wounded lover. But Alice rallied from her momentary tenderness—action was necessary to save her beloved : she instantly despatched the old Highlander to the village for assistance ; and speedily the surgeon arrived. After having examined the wound or wounds of Granville, he told the Lady of Malldaloch that the danger was imminent.

“ Let what may happen,” said Alice, in a whisper, “ I will not leave him.”

Granville’s eye remained fixed on hers ; he made great efforts to speak, but in vain ; he saw a change as wonderful in *her* countenance since they parted the night before, as *she* saw in *his* ; but although he believed that death had laid his iron hand upon her, he still saw in her eyes all the energy, all the feeling, all the devotion, of a woman full of love and courage.

The surgeon quitted them for a short time ;—when he returned, his silence and the expression of his countenance, conveyed to the wretched Alice the dreadful intelligence, that all hope was gone. Not five minutes after this heart-rending

announcement, footsteps were heard on the staircase—the door was thrown open, and at the foot of the bed stood Ronald M'Clean.

Upon seeing Alice, he started back ; she hid her face in her hands the moment after her eyes had glanced upon his figure. M'Clean gazed on the woeful scene before him with unfeigned regret. Alice, recovering herself from her first surprise at the sight of him, looked at him firmly and steadily, and said—

“Are you come to see him die ?—Were you not sure you had killed your victim ?”

“No, Alice,” said M'Clean, “a very different feeling has brought me hither ; and although the sight of you *here* may have rekindled my hatred, I pitied him and lamented his fate. I wounded him,—that is true, but honourably—in single combat, where we were hand to hand, and foot to foot ; our swords were crossed before witnesses. I wounded him, I say, but the fate might have been mine, for the Southron is brave and dexterous. All I ask for myself is an appeal to *him*—let *him* speak, and hear what he relates of our fight.”

The surgeon, who had just laid his hand upon Granville's heart, said, in a low whisper,

"Sir, he will never speak more."

M'Clean instantly stepped forward to save Alice, who seemed falling on the bed, but a loud and horrid laugh was the only reply to his advance, which she repulsed with horror.

"My love, my life!" screamed she to the mangled corpse:—"rise, rise!—give me your hand—the altar is ready—the priest is here—I am your betrothed, your beloved!—I am happy, happy!—See, see, how well, how gay I look in my wedding clothes!"

And she sank on the dead man's bloody breast.

At this sad sight, tears trickled down Ronald's cheeks, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed:—

"Oh, holy Virgin, have pity on her!"

THE TRAGEDY WAS ENDED.

END OF VOL. II.

